

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1897.

SIXPENCE.

By Post, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.



"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Tess (Mrs. Fiske) writing the name "Mrs. Angel Clare" after the wedding, to the delight of her husband (Mr. Edward M. Bell).

FROM A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BYRON, NEW YORK.



*Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
 Laughing," she says, "unto the world I blow
 At once the silken tassel of my purse,
 Fear and its Treasure on the Garden throw."*

—FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF "THE RUBAYAT."

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French faconers, fly at anything we see."

What is so precious to a Londoner as the balm of early Spring? At first he is suspicious of the air which he sniffs critically of a morning through the open window. Its mildness may be a snare; he can remember the year when, on just such a day towards the lamb-like end of March, he was lured out without an overcoat, and struck by a chill in a shady corner where the enemy was lurking out of the sun. Our delightful climate has this trick of behaving like a mediaeval bravo, and sticking a stiletto into your liver. So the Londoner shrouds himself in an overcoat and goes warily. When he has walked a little way, you see the suspicion fading out of his eyes, and an expression of trustful joy overspreading his weather-beaten features. There is no bravo even in the shadiest place; the air is gentle and caressing; his liver (apt to be a little torpid) gives a bound as if it were cycling; he gazes with new interest at his fellow-mortals, loiters at shop-windows, buys a bunch of violets, and enjoys to the full that rare and delicious idleness which is begotten by Spring sunshine in the London streets.

There are people who speak ill of London at all seasons; who say it is overhung by perpetual gloom, and that its inhabitants crawl about dismally, as if they were picking their steps on the edges of open graves. One has that sensation after weeks of unending rain, when you are huddled with a miserable crew of pedestrians on an "island" in the middle of Piccadilly, beset by a swirl of wheels and hoofs and mud, and prompted by a dejected liver to even worse imaginings. But there are mornings in Spring when these terrors have fled like a dream of vampires, when even the doors in Gower Street seem to be in bud, when the vegetation of window-sills has a greater charm than all the roses of the Riviera. It is the time when a fruiterer in Piccadilly beguiles my eye through his plate-glass with wondrous delicacies in baskets, when the gardens of the Hesperides have been ransacked for rhapsodies of the palate, when I am deeply interested in the price of asparagus, the cheapness of that vegetable being the ratio of human felicity, and when the blooms of the florist's window seem to grow in my enraptured sight. These are the moments of London innocence, that evanescent image in our pictorial calendar which is of so fitful a presence that it is disclaimed by the artists who make our city the background of romance. I do not find it in "Flames," though much of the power of that book lies in the strangely vivid painting of some exterior aspects of the town which subdue themselves to the human atmosphere. These are mostly nocturnes, and the London nocturne is not etherealised by the gaunt pillars with electric beacons which have named themselves in Piccadilly, and measure the spaces of the night with a white and ghastly stare. No; it is just for half an hour or so in the morning that London dons a garb as elastic and tender as the muslin gown of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Phyllida*, who "runs to gather May-dew before the world is down."

Just now, even in that radiant half-hour, I am troubled by the aspect of certain windows. They seem to look upon the street with a self-conscious air, half pride, half shamefacedness. There is an unnatural glitter in them, as if they had been cleaned with gold dust, and were not quite sure that the operation was respectable. Or is it that my retina has been dazzled by those advertisements in the *Times* of the enormous sums wanted for windows which will command a view of the Royal Pageant on June 22? Perhaps the uneasiness in my mind is partly due to the circumstances that from two of those windows I often cast a philosophic eye upon the passing multitude. Is it philosophic now, or influenced by greed? Certainly, those advertisements knock at the door of rectitude with a howling temptation. I have heard it said of one plain-spoken tailor by another that he would sell his soul for the price of a pint; but how does philosophy stand in regard to the price of a window? To hanker my view of the procession for dress is like selling one's patriotic fervour at so much a shill. I shall feel like a showman, a sort of dilettante Barnum, who cries "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up!! Her Majesty is just coming along, with sixty years of her glorious reign like a halo round her Imperial brow!! How much do you say for my unequalled windows, and the sight of the halo?"

Somehow the finer graces of life are uneasy in this predicament; and yet common sense (or is it the subdity of the tempter?) suggests that, after all, a woman may become the less a patriot because she makes a good thing out of the Queen. I picture myself lingering fondly over her Majesty's

image on a vast number of gold coins, the mere touch of which gives one the sensation of being hand-in-glove with royalty. The scene is Rome or Florence—I choose a town in Italy because the English sovereign there has a greater capacity than in France. A bag of gold, which at the slightest touch stirs with a rich and melodious chink, lies before me; and, taking up one of the glittering pieces, I apostrophise it thus, "Most gracious Madam, your humble and devoted subject ventures to present to you the assurance of his reverence and gratitude. It is true that, when you pass under his windows at home, you will not observe his philosophic eye shedding a deferential beam on your imposing array. You will see instead a number of strangers, who may or may not be comporting themselves in accordance with the dignity of my household gods. I beg to disclaim all responsibility for their proceedings; but I must acknowledge that, by laying tribute upon their inordinate wealth, I am here in Florence enjoying the treasures of this noble city under the guidance of Signor Grantuzzi Alleno, whose book on Florentine art I can strongly recommend to your august taste. When I say that it is your Majesty's illustrious effigy, many times repeated, which enables me to be here, is any further testimony needed of my unflinching allegiance?"

Turning over the entertaining pages of "Who's Who," I am struck by the coyness of distinguished persons on the subject of their "recreations." In conversation they are explicit enough. They din golf into your ears; and to watch them at billiards is a liberal education in the richness and variety of fiery epithets. I remember how I was taken into a billiard-room to see two well-known members of my club engage in a struggle which just stopped short of breaking the cues on very sportsmanlike pates. And yet, if they had set down their "recreations" in "Who's Who," they would simply have written "billiards," a mere bald expression which conveys no idea of the picturesque violence of the fray. To the prevailing shyness in this handbook of celebrity a certain professor is an exception. He takes his pleasure in "reading aloud, especially Shakspeare." What is to be said of a man who reads Shakspeare aloud for mere enjoyment? Of course, he is careful to have an audience, for no professor, I fancy, claims the exclusive privilege, even in moments of relaxation, of listening to his own voice. What do the audience think of this reading aloud, "especially Shakspeare"? Do they find it a light entertainment, or an educational burden?

There is no public man in this volume who seeks recreation in studying caricatures of himself, though I have always understood that our gladiators made this their staple amusement. Statesmen, who in the ordinary way of business show extreme sensitiveness to criticism, devote their spare moments in the domestic circle to cartoons which indicate their mental and moral defects by diverting symbols, frequently drawn from natural history. The statesman's little golden girl climbs upon his knee and says, "Oh, papa, why have they drawn you like a nasty tom-cat on the tiles?" Papa, who is gently tickled, explains that this is a tribute to his pugnacity, and, when his loving child asks him why he is not drawn as a lion, he replies that the choice of beasts is a matter of taste and fancy, in which he cannot dictate to the caricaturist. So the golden girl does her best to become reconciled to the feline emblem of the paternal qualities; and her mamma shows it to visitors with wifely pride at five o'clock tea. Such is the traditional code of humour in the households of our eminent men. But I learn that in America there is a reaction against this distribution of responsibility. A Senator has brought in a Bill to prohibit all cartoons which have not received the sanction of the distinguished models. The caricaturist is no longer to decide whether the lion or the tom-cat is the more suitable index of the mind and character of a notable politician.

Now, in the interests of the general recreation, I am inclined to think that this system has great possibilities. I should like to see it carried out in this country. Without mentioning any names, I am sure there are public men whose own notions of their dignity and importance, as represented in cartoons, would often be much droller than the independent inspirations of the professional draughtsmen. When it was understood that every drawing had received the sanction of the subject, the public mind would have a new and refreshing stimulus. Can you imagine anything more comic than a cartoon representing the American Senator's idea of the figure it is cutting in the presence of civilisation by its attitude towards the Arbitration Treaty? I wish the new censors of caricature on both sides of the Atlantic would get to work without delay.

The London and North-Western Railway Company have again issued a neat card giving a list of the principal agricultural and house shows for 1897.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

[A dinner was given the other day by Mr. Harold Frederic to Sir Alfred Milner, the list of guests including Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. A. Birrell, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Frank Harris, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. Julian Ralph (New York Journal), Mr. Isaac N. Ford (New York Tribune), and Mr. Brandon Thomas. . . . Vide the *Daily Chronicle*, Wednesday, March 24.]

SCENE: *A private room at the Savoy Hotel. Table laid for dinner-party; shaded lights, bowls of daffodils, tulips, &c. The guests seat themselves after varied greetings. The murmurs of opening conversation pass, and fragments of discussion become separately coherent.*

H. W. M. (*confidentially smiling*). *Quorum pars magna fui.*

I. N. F. It would be outrageous to deny that his examination was anything but a farce. The one stimulating element in it was the stout and the sandwiches.

G. W. For my part, I was much impressed by the whole business. Knowing Rhodes as I do, I had not expected him to come out of it nearly so well. He scarcely shines in Academic discussion.

I. N. F. One always enjoys the pleasure of finding a friend not so great a fool as one expected—

G. W. The word is excessive; and in the case of Rhodes—

I. N. F.—I know—the great-services-against-great-misdemeanours theory. I've heard it before; an English method of whitewashing the necessary scoundrels of Imperial history. I say necessary scoundrels, for Imperialism is of evil parentage, and has the features of its bad breed.

H. F. A little less shop in your quarter, please—unless you wish to embarrass the High Commissioner!

[*A keen appreciation of the jest is more or less generally apparent.*]

A. B. Why not confine yourselves to discussions of the High Malthusianism—?

B. T. Music and the drama—

G. W. For the Lord's sake, not music—

F. H. Yes, spare us the Concert!

H. W. M. (*murmuring to J. R.*). And I think I may claim in the matter, *pars magna fui.*

J. R. Sir Alfred must take a strong and resolute line. We Americans have to remember that Robinson was not with us, and he that is not with us—you know the rest. Widespread Imperialism must be antagonistic to our interests all the world over. We are with Germany, with Kruger, with anybody, rather than with England run imperially mad.

H. W. M. (*leaning towards G. W.*). I am able to say in all modesty—

G. W. You may argue as you will; you cannot run from the fact that the English have a family passion for land.

J. R. Some passions have to be restrained. If I can judge, Sir Alfred is not the man to encourage your family passion.

H. W. M. (*to J. R.*). We were the first to publish; even the *Times* printed a garbled version. How strange that journalism rivals music in its opportunities for professional jealousy!

H. F. Your principle is the beauty's? She insists upon her charms.

H. W. M. The journalist must be discreetly modest withal.

SIR A. M. You conceive an ideal future for me.

J. R. I trust to such an ideal—when you will be identified with conciliation, peace, and reciprocity courtesy.

G. W. The lion at play with the lamb. . . .

H. W. M. Exactly. The old barbarism is dead; the age of brute force is gone by. England owes to herself the duties of voluntary curtailment and of high-bred condescension towards the weak.

SIR A. M. You clip my wings.

H. W. M. I suggest the higher political life.

A. B. Are we nearing a new Spirituality?

SIR C. D. Shorn of sentiment, the position has virtue in it. We hope to recognise in you as Governor the subtle diplomat in favour of the later polity of the humanity party. I begin to think that Time fights against patriotism. We are the people—

SIR A. M. (*to SIR C. D.*). My presence here makes no promises. The public remains in the Strand.

H. W. M. (*aside*). It knocks at a door in Fleet Street.

J. R. Sir Alfred's presence, if not a promise, is an encouragement.

G. W. To whom? We are not all of one opinion.

A. B. But you cannot touch pitch without—

H. F. A commonplace from you!

A. B. In South Africa the air is full of commonplaces. You walk upon them as upon flagstones.

G. W. (*to H. W. M.*). You look sinister. There is a gloomy speculation in the eyes that you do glare withal.

A. B. You misquote Macbeth to the dados.

H. W. M. To-night signals a triumph—unconventional, but a triumph.

G. W. Rhodes should be here by way of equipoise.

I. N. F. Sir Alfred is well without him. May our dinner prove a type of the future preponderance of influence.

SIR A. M. You overwhelm me.

J. R. So I would do, for one. I would rejoice to persuade an English Governor and High Commissioner that England is neither his first nor his second obligation. I would persuade him of his duty to a world of interests, show him a pathway running on the universal rather than on the poor patriotic principle.

G. W. The world should then be the paymaster.

H. W. M. This dear country of ours!

A. B. (*aside*). Irrelevance is the first law of popularity.

G. W. (*to H. W. M.*). I cannot understand you—I cannot understand where your country appeals to you as dear.

H. F. You excite yourself!

G. W. I do not excite myself. I say that I cannot understand how a man can call his country dear—in print and out of print—yet contradict her essential greatness at all points. Her greatness, for instance, is largely proved by the expansion that carries her along from territory to territory; and that is exactly your rock of offence. Your country is dear to you because you conceal that her transformation into everything that is the contrary of that which she has been in the past can be effected under such influences as yours. Her preciousness to you is embedded in the egotism of your own hopes.

A. B. The individualism of the Social Democrat!

J. R. If an English Governor at the Cape were to act according to Mr. Wyndham's gospel, he would soon have to seek far for friends.

A. B. (*to SIR A. M.*). The American and Radical Press guarantee your integrity!

SIR A. M. They are gracious.

A. B. Dinner gives courage.

SIR A. M. A phantom that fades.

A. B. No; this is a telegraph battery without wires. Our dinner is the empty space that stands for the medium. Across the dinner the messages pass. These send you word that your integrity is guaranteed.

SIR A. M. Do I guarantee a policy in return?

[*A shuffle of chairs. A loyal toast is proposed, after which H. F. rises, glass in hand.*]

H. F. Gentlemen, to the new Governor of the Cape. [*All rise.*]

SIR C. D., H. W. M., J. R., I. N. F. And to his policy. [*They drink.*]

"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

MR. PINERO'S PLAY AS PRINTED LITERATURE.*

The whole of the first act of Mr. Pinero's new play, produced at the St. James's Theatre on Monday night, turns upon the Princess Pannonia's fortieth birthday, and on the melancholy circumstance that the Butterfly, Sir George Lamorant, is forty-five. One of the Princess's friends has the beautiful idea of presenting her with a silver bangle, to which are attached forty threepenny-bits, one for every birthday! Sir George, at forty-five, talks as if he were seventy. You can be just as morbid about your age as about your soul; and when the Princess is struck to the heart because a very sober and serious young man of eight-and-twenty, wishing to pay her a compliment, remarks that she reminds him of his mother; and when she and Lamorant discuss the proposition that a man and woman, aged forty-five and forty respectively, have nothing more to do with romance, and had better marry each other on the basis of rational friendship, the situation is a severe trial to any middle-aged reader. The case of the Princess is almost tragic, because, though a widow of forty, she is still a beautiful woman, and because the sober and serious young man, falling desperately in love with her, appeals irresistibly to the famished youth of her heart. Her husband was an old man when she married him, and she was never more to him than a nurse and secretary. But here is a young and ardent lover who has come into her life a dozen years too late. Worse than that, his adoration seems to make him younger and her older.

The Butterfly, too, is growing romantic. He has a ward, supposed for a time to be the illegitimate daughter of his dead brother. This young woman, Fay Zuliani, has had a singular career. Her mother was Italian, she has travelled with a circus troupe, and her nominal father used to beat her. Brought up in the "choicest available gutters," she is a bizarre medley of mischief, strong affections, and all the slang of Europe. She steals out of the Princess's house in Paris to go to a *bal masqué*, dressed as a harlequin. Returning in the small hours, she is caught by Lamorant, who is preparing for a duel with a young Frenchman. Fay had quite innocently made the acquaintance of a lady with a past at a skating-rink in London—slippery places, these skating-rinks!—and this woman was introduced by the Frenchman into the house of one of Lamorant's friends. Sir George, resenting this, is told that the French gentleman, after the historic manner of Aubrey Tanqueray, is about to marry the lady, and regards any reflection on her past as an insult to him. The marriage does not come off; indeed, the lady of the aspersions makes other arrangements; and, having wounded Lamorant in the arm, the Gallic squire of dames is exceedingly remorseful. Meanwhile, Sir George has discovered that Fay is not his niece. He imparts this news to her on the morning when all her native impudence in the harlequin's dress braves his anger. Accidentally, she is made aware of the impending duel; and this danger to the friend of her chequered life stirs into flame the passionate love that has been brooding in her heart. In Act V. the Princess and the Butterfly are again in a great state over their respective ages and the basis of rational friendship; and this precious contract shows the most undesirable obstinacy, till it is suddenly dissolved by the distant spectacle of the sober and serious young man going off in dudgeon. The Princess runs after him—runs like an antelope—and at forty. "Are you sure, all of you—any of you?" asks an old lady. "To me you appear like dream-people, fantastic creatures." Fantastic indeed; but full of humour and humanity.

L. F. A.

*"The Princess and the Butterfly." By A. W. Pinero. Privately printed by the author for a few friends.

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"Embellished by exceptionally good photographic illustrations."—BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE.

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"It is, of course, the proprietors' business how they can give such value for the money. Our duty is to say that we have not seen so beautiful a production at anything like the price of this weekly periodical. The photographs are exquisite. Ten years ago—nay, five—they would not have been thought possible. The literary matter is sound and entertaining."—THE SPORTSMAN.

WEEKLY, PRICE SIXPENCE.

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SMALL TALK.

The Diamond Jubilee is engaging the attention of the Lambeth Art Pottery, for Messrs. Doulton and Sons will commemorate the unique event by several special specimens of their famous ware. One jug is noticeable. On the band encircling the body, which may or may not



DIAMOND JUBILEE SOUVENIR.

suggest the orb of Empire, is Tennyson's line, "She wrought her people lasting good." On the band of the neck is the Queen's name, with her titles, and the dates of 1837 and 1897. On the front of the jug are two medallions representing her Majesty at those periods, and forming a border above and below are modelled enrichments—of the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The goblet which has been made bears similar portrait medallions, but carries only the briefest of superscriptions, "Victoria R.I., 1837-1897." The prevailing colour of these two objects is the beautiful royal blue which is often seen on Doulton's pieces. At least two other pieces have been designed in brown stoneware, the upper

part being in a darker shade, and the lettering in a lighter shade. The arrangement of medallions and inscriptions is as similar to that of the first pieces as the difference of form has permitted. One is a jug of the typical hunting-jug or Toby Fillpot shape. Another piece is a handled mug, such as every good child in this eventful year should insist on possessing somehow or other.

Another commemoration of the reign has been started by Mr. V. C. Mallan, of Edgware Road. He is to present sixty sets of artificial teeth to an equal number of old and deserving women who shall be found worthy and who shall be recommended by some person of influence. Messrs. Spicer Brothers send me an artistic embossed card in connection with the celebrations. The design includes an exceptionally good medallion portrait of her Majesty, with the Union Jack and British Standard draped on each side. A space is left for printing concert and meeting invitations, menu, programme, and other printed matter.

Who when he hears of the fabulous prices offered for rooms and windows on the royal route of the great Jubilee Day procession does not yearn to be the fortunate possessor of such profitable premises? A friend of mine, who is lucky enough to own a window in lordly St. James's Street, has been simply pestered with offers, and very fine and large ones too. At present, however, he has resisted temptation, having nobly determined to give his friends a treat on that auspicious occasion. May he remain firm in this unselfish resolve! One does not often find an empty house on one's hands a matter of congratulation, but this present year of grace seems to be an exception to the rule—at least, when the empty house is in Piccadilly, say, or Pall Mall. I hear, on excellent authority, that the great house in Piccadilly which has found no tenant since Sir Julian Goldsmid's death has been let for June 22 for the bagatelle of two thousand guineas—a fairly moderate price, too, when one remembers the big bow-window of the handsome dining-room in which the hospitable baronet so nobly entertained his friends, the still larger window space and the excellent balcony of the noble drawing-room, the unoccupied bedrooms above, and the possibility of a stand behind the area railings. Another house in Piccadilly, empty of a tenant but full of furniture (I refer to that mansion unfortunate to millionaires, Bath House), has found, they say, a tenant for Jubilee week who will pay a cool five thousand pounds for his tenancy, while another house, on the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall, has fetched fifteen hundred pounds just for the day. When one hears that forty thousand Americans in excess of the usual number have booked passages across the "pond" between this and June 22, one wonders how the liners will bring them all over, and from what points of view they will sample the greatest historical show of the century. Americans are not to be denied, and they will doubtless find seats somewhere.

The Colonial Office has booked sixty-four rooms in the Hotel Cecil for the Jubilee guests, Prince Yamagata of Japan has taken about forty rooms, and the King of Siam may also have several suites of rooms. Of course, the story that the entire hotel of twelve hundred rooms had been engaged by the Colonial Office for the guests of the nation is absurd.

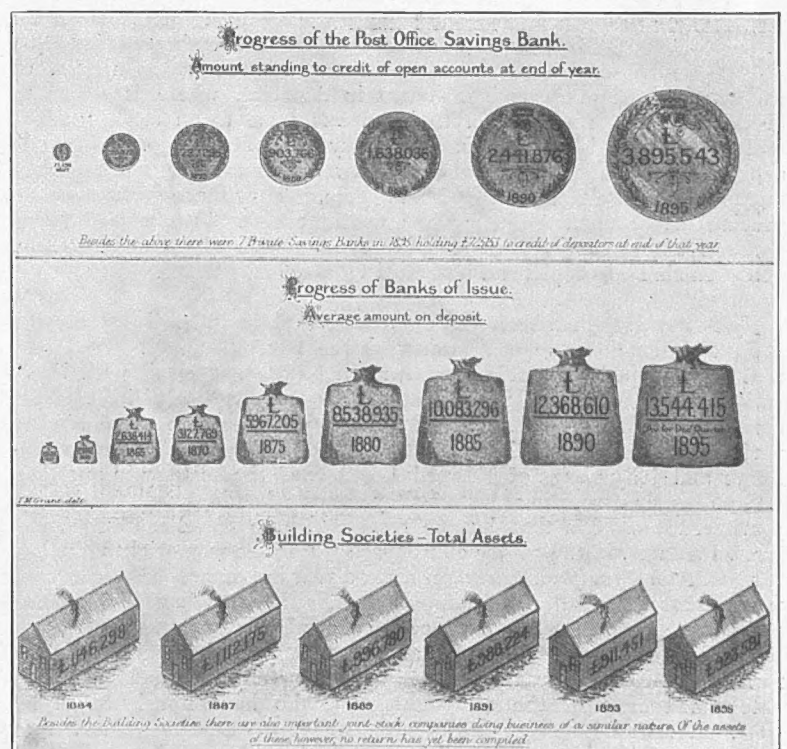
A legal correspondent writes me as follows—

I noticed in your issue of last week a statement to the effect that certain provident merchants were taking steps to avoid any loss from depreciation of their goods in the event of the Queen's death before the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, by insuring the royal life at a rate stated to be five per cent. If this be so, the commercial instincts of these gentlemen must have obscured both their sense of good taste and their knowledge of law, in view of an Act passed in 1774, and still operative, which enacts that no insurance shall be made by any person on the life of any person or on any other event wherein the former person has no interest. This Act was passed to put an end to "a mischievous kind of gaming" in which the fourth Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q") delighted—in fact, it was quite a common thing in his day not only to make ordinary wagers on the lives of public persons, but even to make the insurance companies parties thereto by taking out policies which were simply bets at long odds. If it were held that probable depreciation of goods gave a person an insurable interest in the life of a person on whose existence such depreciation depended, this would open the way to wagering policies of every kind. A person who had booked a seat in a window on the route of the procession, another who had taken a house for the Jubilee Week, not to speak of purveyors of every known commodity, from silk-merchants to ice-cream vendors, would then have a right to take out a policy on the life of her Majesty for any sum they wished. Such a state of affairs would be revolting to every right-thinking person, and it would not end there. In the event of any untoward occurrence threatening the Queen's life, such policies would rise in value, and the holder of a policy for a thousand pounds, say, could speculate in it by disposing of it as a whole or in parts for, say, four hundred pounds, thus giving substantial odds and at the same time realising a handsome profit on his original outlay of fifty pounds, supposing the insurance companies to be willing to issue policies at that low rate, which seems incredible. The whole transaction is so repugnant that one may well hope that you have been misinformed; but, if such policies have actually been effected, these far-seeing tradesmen may as well be informed that their policies are illegal and the premiums non-recoverable.

The announcement of her Majesty's intention to bestow the Victorian Order upon all old Crimean officers has evoked much enthusiasm among the "oldsters" in the Service clubs. If the bestowal is made, it will be one of the most universally popular acts ever done by the Queen.

The Johnson Club dined a few nights ago at the Rainbow Tavern, under the presidency of Mr. L. F. Austin. An address was delivered by Mr. Sargeant, one of the masters of Westminster School, on the Toryism of Dr. Johnson. Mr. Sargeant combated the tradition of Johnson's political opinions with much humour and ingenuity, while the club listened with well-simulated horror to the suggestions that at heart the Doctor was a supporter of Jack Wilkes. One of the most interested auditors was the chief guest, Mr. Whistler, who confessed afterwards, in a very amusing little speech, that his knowledge of Johnson was derived chiefly from Sir Joshua's picture, on which he made the very characteristic remark that it seemed to him "larger than life."

I have long felt that Blue-Books were scandalously neglected in this country. Their format, to begin with, is very repellent, though it would be just as cheap to print them in an attractive way, and newspaper editors do not get enough, half enough, for the benefit of the public. Thus I am very glad to see that New Zealand is showing the way with a new order of things. The Official Year-Book of the Colony for last year, edited by Mr. E. J. von Dadelszen, the Registrar-General—of German descent, I presume—has just reached me. It presents the leading facts in a series of coloured diagrams that cannot fail to attract the reader's attention. Three of these I reproduce on a reduced scale, and even in plain black-and-white they are very instructive. Why should the Mother Country lag behind in this matter?



SOME PICTURE-FACTS ABOUT NEW ZEALAND.
Reproduced from the Official Year-Book of the Colony.

March 22, 1897, was a great day in Germany. That day one hundred years ago the German Empire, or, to speak more exactly, the first German Emperor, the great Kaiser Wilhelm, was born. Greater Germany in London met to celebrate the occasion in the Turnhalle, or Gymnasium, in St. Paneras Road, and they did it in *echtes deutsch* style. There was Munich beer, free and flowing; there were Mr. Dan Godfrey and his band to supply German music; there were Messrs. Spiers and Pond to purvey German food; the fervour and patriotism were abounding and German—in fact, everything was German except the waiters, and they were English, which, to say the least, was a curious fact. The German, at heart, is a thorough gentleman; but neither at theatre, nor concert, nor public function, at home or abroad, can he rid himself of that go-to-Bier-garten garb and manner. Evening-dress was left to high Government officials and waiters. Even the ladies looked as if they had just put aside their knitting and come in to see their next-door neighbour. They sang vigorously “Die Wacht am Rhein,” and had nothing of Frenchified dandyism about them; neither had they the assumed aristocratic airs English people put on in public, but they sang “God Save the Queen” with full throats, and the orator of the evening, amid much applause, claimed peace, friendship, and brotherhood with the subjects of the Queen. But when one looked round the great crowded hall and saw the predominating round head of the South German, the markedly different physique and face, not to speak of the utterly different cast of mind, one wondered how it has ever become a popular belief that the German and the Englishman are cousins. Friends they may be, but with the great mass of the German people the English nation has not a drop of blood in common. But the feature of the evening was the reception accorded to Bismarck’s name. The

people were impatient for it, and when at last the orator of the evening gave it utterance, there could be no doubt left as to who is the popular hero of the London German.

Nowhere, perhaps, have Gilbert and Sullivan such enthusiastic and steadfast followers as in Scotland. Wherever Mr. Carte’s splendid companies go, there is the best of business, and amateurs are always keen to give one of the *répertoire*. “The Pirates of Penzance” has just been produced at Ayr by Mr. W. Newsome with conspicuous success. Mr. Arthur Hawes was the Pirate King, and Miss M. Wyllie was Mabel.

The ridiculous report of Miss Ellen Terry’s secession from the Lyceum has, of



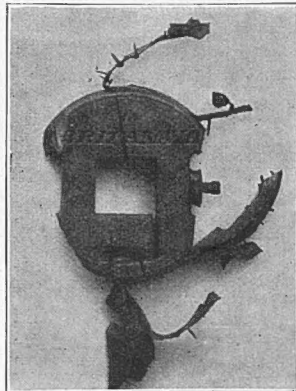
MR. J. HOWIE IN “THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.”

Photo by Barra, Ayr.

course, assumed extra embellishment in America, where it seems to be believed that the Lyceum tradition has come to an end. “What will Irving be without Terry, and Terry without Irving?” asks one agonised New York journal which is now before me. These questions might as well be put to the North Pole. They have absolutely no bearing either upon facts or upon contingencies. The whole of this pathetic outcry simply illustrates the facility with which good people, and even shrewd people, can be gulled by audacious fables.

What rowing-man does not keep a soft place in his heart for the delightful little village of Sonning on the silver Thames? And who that has stopped at that picturesque spot does not recall with lively satisfaction the White Hart, situated near the river, with its creature comforts, its charming garden, and its host ever ready to make himself useful and agreeable to his constant stream of visitors? The tall, slight figure and jolly visage of Edward Lockley, of the hostelry in question, will no longer greet the accustomed eye of the boating-man, for he has journeyed himself to that bourne from which no traveller returns, and rests, I assume, in the pretty churchyard where the memorial to the late Mr. Ruthven Pym (well known for many a year in London banking circles) makes a not very sightly addition to the tombs of the “village Hampdens” and “mute inglorious Miltons” of the charming little Berkshire village. Edward Lockley, who was in his seventy-fifth year, had ruled over the fortunes of the White Hart for many a long day, and had hospitably entertained most of the aquatic heroes who have flourished in his time, and, though other hosts may arise to fill his place, they will not efface from the memories of the lovers of the Thames “mine host” of the White Hart, with his hearty hospitalities and his admirable luncheons.

During a brief but severe thunderstorm on the night of the 17th the *Britannia* was badly struck by lightning. The fact was announced by one blinding flash, accompanied by a ball of fire which passed over the ship from the north-west, a shock that shook the vessel from stem to stern, and a terrific peal of thunder close overhead. A photo which



FORE TRUCK OF THE
“BRITANNIA.”

was afterwards taken of the fore truck shows it shattered by the electric fluid passing through it on its way to pick up the conductor at the masthead. This conductor was apparently unable to carry off the entire current, for many electric wires in the ship were fused, the bells went all wrong, and the dynamos were capsized in their work. Had the conductor failed in its duties, fire, if not worse, would undoubtedly have resulted.

Of late it has been frequently hinted that the Sultan has French blood in his veins; in fact, there seems to be little doubt that his great-grandmother was a Mdlle. Bazillais, a girlish friend of the Empress Josephine. It has been said that the future Sultana was with Mdlle. de la Pagerie when an old Mulatto woman told the fortunes of the two girls, prophesying that each would become in time the consort of a great ruler. As to how the Frenchwoman found herself in the then Sultan’s harem tradition becomes more obscure. She was captured by pirates, and was sold to Constantinople, where, attracting the attention of the Grand Turk, she became the favourite of Sultan Mahmoud, and the mother of Abdul Hamid II. When the late Sultan Abdul Medjid came to Paris in the year 1867, he alluded, when talking to Napoleon III., to his French blood. It should be added, however, that the present master of the Yildiz entirely denies the story.

The entertainment world is likely to be exercised again in a very little while, and the voices of the enthusiasts will be heard in the land. Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., has introduced a Bill into Parliament for the increase of the age-limit under which children are forbidden to take part in dangerous performances. Since 1894 the limit has been raised one year for any performance on the stage, and, if this Bill becomes law, the anger of the child-trainer will be greater than ever. For some time past I have noticed a determined effort on the part of trainers to extend the feeling of toleration now in vogue with regard to entertainments generally to the limits of their own business. “It doesn’t hurt the children a bit; let them earn a bit of money; we don’t want any absurd interference with our business; we can manage without anybody’s help.” These are the remarks I am accustomed to hear, but I am strongly of opinion that legislation, if wrong, is a mistake in the right direction. Dangerous performances are at all times degrading to those who permit and those who patronise them, and such entertainment becomes doubly objectionable when children are employed.

At Mr. Beerbohm Tree’s theatre there are countless applications for seats on the first night, which will be one of the events of the London Season. I am told there are sufficient people clamouring for admission to fill the house six times over, so that very many worthy playgoers must be content to be crowded out.

“Women and Wine” is the exceedingly taking title of a new drama by the prolific and versatile Mr. Arthur Shirley. The part-author of “Two Little Vagabonds” has collaborated with another successful playwright, Mr. Sutton Vane, in a strong drama called “The Bell-Ringer,” which Mr. John A. Atkin, of “Grip of Iron” fame, means to produce in London before long. Another fresh play-title I hear of is the picturesque one “The Gold Slave.” Three new musical comedies are also announced: “The New Mephistopheles,” by Mr. George Dance, which is just being produced in Leeds, “The Carnival,” and the topically named “An Armenian Girl.”



MISS WYLLIE IN “THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.”

Photo by Barra, Ayr.

Mr. J. Nicoll Dunn, the new editor of the *Morning Post*, is a capable journalist, who will stamp his mark upon that interesting organ of Society with a big S. He is one more Aberdonian who has made a career in London, and is the cousin of yet another, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, of the *Bookman* and *Expositor* fame. Mr. Dunn showed, in his control of *Black-and-White*, sympathy, resource, and an absence of the petty jealousies which are not unknown in journalism, but which seldom, where they are cultivated, carry journalists to a larger career. Mr. Dunn, who was once associated with Mr. Henley upon the *National Observer* and with Mr. Cust on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will let loose upon the *Morning Post* all that youthful and brilliant talent which was associated with the journalistic rule of Mr. Henley and Mr. Cust, and he cannot fail to make the *Morning Post* the greater power in consequence. I cordially wish him abundant success in his new and important office.

Mr. W. A. Mackenzie, who succeeds Mr. Dunn as editor of *Black-and-White*, is still in the twenties. A Ross-shire man by birth, and a doctor of medicine by early intention and education, he drifted into journalism, and came to London (*via* Aberdeen) three years ago for a post on the Henderson group of papers. He has published some striking verse, is a brilliant chess-player, has contributed to these pages, and is going to be married at Easter.

It is perfectly clear to me that the *Daily Chronicle* has materially improved its position during the past month or more by its strenuous advocacy of the claim of Greece, a circumstance largely aided by the curious adhesion—"ratting," it might almost be called—of two other London Liberal papers, the *Daily News* and the *Westminster Gazette*, to the other side. The *Daily Chronicle* has "voiced," to use a vulgar word of which that journal is fond, the feelings of many others than the mere Liberals and Radicals. The Established Church of England has many affinities with the Greek Church, and although it has lost two eloquent spokesmen of the last great Eastern Crisis—Canon Liddon and Dean Church—there is much silent sympathy among Conservative Churchmen, who care more for religion than for party, with Greece as against Turkey. The skilful presentation of the Greek policy by the *Daily Chronicle* is due to two men, Mr. Henry Massingham, the editor, and Mr. Henry Norman, his assistant-editor and Special Correspondent in Athens, both of them being most cordially supported by the ever kindly proprietor of the paper, Mr. Frank Lloyd. Mr. Massingham and Mr. Norman are both from the provinces—the former from Norwich, the latter from Leicester. Both of them have seen every phase of the journalistic career, although Mr. Norman is the more widely travelled of the two. Mr. Norman is a tremendous believer in Greater Britain, Mr. Massingham an equally fervent advocate of making his own country good for the workers to live in. Both have ideals, without which a newspaper may have



MR. HENRY NORMAN.

subscribers, but not friends. And the *Daily Chronicle* has abundant friends, even outside its own party.

When Lord Hugh Cecil reminded the House of Commons, a few nights ago, that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," the thoughts of many members must have turned to his father, who was then on the way

to the South of France. Even the slight illness from which Lord Salisbury suffered last week caused uneasy feelings among Conservative politicians. Although three years younger than Sir William Harcourt, who at the age of seventy has become the hope of the Radicals, and although by no means "broken with the storms of state," his public career has been long and arduous enough to sap the strength of any man with a less hardy

constitution than that of Mr. Gladstone. Forty-four years have passed since Lord Robert Cecil, then a stripling, entered the House of Commons, and thirty-one since he became a Cabinet Minister. Among the ruling statesmen of Europe he is now the most experienced. It is nearly twenty years since someone said that prints of his lordship were to be found "in every bookshop" on the Continent, and during the intervening years he has been constantly before the world, or that portion of it which watches great affairs.

It is a marvel that one who does so much mental work and takes so little exercise as Lord Salisbury should be so seldom ill. "I never meet a well-known blue brougham," remarked Earl Granville some ten years ago, "but I say, 'See, he has not time to walk even from Arlington Street to Downing Street.'" The blue brougham was Lord Salisbury's. It has been steadily in use this year. Lord Salisbury enjoys a saunter in St. James's Park or along the Embankment, but for pleasures of this sort he has not had much time during the Cretan crisis. Nor at any time does he care for sport or sports. To these he is as indifferent as Mr. Chamberlain. He has played a few strokes at golf to humour Mr. Balfour, but if he entered the Parliamentary Tournament he would require a specially high handicap. It is only in his chemical laboratory that he finds any congenial recreation. During his visit to the South of France, the Prime Minister will fortunately escape the domestic

worries of Downing Street, but the burden of foreign affairs will always be with him at such a critical time as the present.

I am watching with interest the attempts of the American Sunday papers to print half-tone blocks of a fine grain. The *New York Herald* has done some excellent ones, and the *World* had quite a gallery of blocks the other Sunday. For instance, they gave in a row right across the page the portraits of the "most beautiful ten women in the world"—namely, Mdle. Mérode, Princess Troubetskoy (*née* Amelie Rives), Miss Marie Studholme, Mary Anderson, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Langtry, Lady Warwick, Miss Lily Hanbury, Jane Hading, and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailor, the last of whom is quite unknown to me. On one page they gave ten admirably produced pictures of Mrs. Cleveland, said to be the most popular woman in America. English daily newspapers cannot print process blocks of any but the coarsest grain.

Mr. Guy Standing, son of Mr. Herbert Standing, and hence nephew of the two well-known vocalists, Mr. Frank H. Celli and Mr. W. T. Carleton, was included in the cast of the American version of the comic opera "La Falote," lately produced in New York. "Richard-Henry" have, I understand, made another adaptation of this opera, which had a long run at the Folies Dramatiques. Armand Liorat and Maurice Ordonneau were the original librettists.



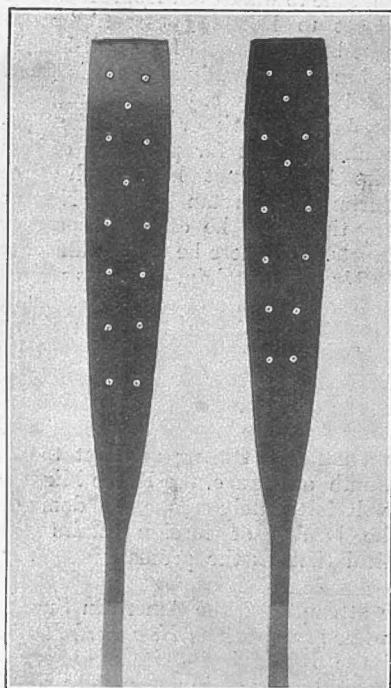
MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Frederick Collier tells me that he has secured the permission of the Court to reopen the National Skating Palace in the coming winter season. The ball on St. Patrick's Night was the best and biggest yet given in Hengler's old home, and when I left the building at half-past three in the morning there were plenty of skaters still hard at work. Now I have a question to ask. Why does the man who falls heavily and painfully upon the ice get up and smile broadly, as though, of all the things he liked, a bad fall on unyielding ice was the dearest to him? During the past season I have seen several men collapse badly on the slippery part of the ice, rise with great difficulty, and give up their skating for five minutes without ceasing to smile. Sometimes they will hobble towards the seat, start to sit down; then something will strike them, and they stand up again, wearing a worried look under the external evidence of merriment and happiness, just as though they had suddenly remembered something. When a man tries to break the ice and then smiles, everybody round him laughs also. Is this sympathy or irony?

Mrs. Stang, who christened the Norwegian ironclad *Harald Haarfagre* the other day, claims to be the thirty-third in descent from the Norse King Harold the Fair-haired. In England also we can point to members of the aristocracy or (which in many cases means a still more ancient stock) country gentry who have royal blood in their veins. Historical students will recall Gibbon's interesting essay on the family of Courtney, one branch of which attained to kingly rank during the Crusades. Another long figured among the great *seigneurs* of France, while the third is represented by our Earls of Devon. Then there are

the Harcourts, with their Plantagenet strain, the Beauforts, and other families whose ancestors linked their lot with the fortunes of the dynasty of their day. These marriages did not always turn out well for the noble kinsmen of the Crown, as, for instance, when Henry VIII. played such havoc with the Poles and Courtneys, whose relationship to himself only made their path to the scaffold the swifter. It is not generally known that Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, the quite recently appointed police magistrate, is descended from Edward III., through John of Gaunt and the Beauforts. So was his cousin, Lord Tennyson, the late Laureate.



Front. Back.
THE NEW OAR.

inch wide, while the hole from the back of the blade is but an eighth of an inch in diameter. It is claimed that a better and stronger hold of the water is obtainable. The crews of the two boats, whose portraits appear on the opposite page, are as follows—

OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
J. J. de Knoop (New) (bow) ...	11	6
*G. O. C. Edwards (New) ...	12	2
C. K. Phillips (New) ...	11	11
C. D. Burnell (Magdalen) ...	13	12
E. R. Balfour (University) ...	13	8½
R. Carr (Magdalen) ...	12	12½
W. E. Crum (New) ...	12	1½
H. Gold (Magdalen) (stroke) ...	11	10
H. R. K. Pechell (Brasenose) (cox.) ...	8	7

CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
*D. E. Campbell-Muir (Trinity Hall) (bow) ...	11	5
A. S. Bell (Trinity Hall) ...	12	3
*E. J. D. Taylor (Caius) ...	12	10
*B. H. Howell (Trinity Hall) ...	12	10
W. A. Bieber (Trinity Hall) ...	12	12
D. Pennington (Caius) ...	12	8½
*W. Dudley Ward (Third Trinity) ...	12	9
W. J. Fernie (Trinity Hall) (stroke) ...	11	10
*E. C. Hawkins (Caius) (cox.) ...	8	5

* New Blues; all others rowed last year.

While people are discussing the vagaries of the New Woman, and loudly lamenting that they know not what to do with their daughters, a number of thoughtful and sensible folk have been successfully founding and carrying on a feminine branch of the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent. The Patroness is the Empress Frederick, who, as most people know, is intensely interested in all that concerns her own sex; and on the Council are a number of very distinguished women, including Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Mrs. Benson, Lady Battersea, Lady Mount-Temple, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, and Miss Wordsworth. The College works in connection with

the Berkshire, Essex, Kent, and London County Councils. Scholarships are offered to both men and women, and it is significant that every properly qualified student, when leaving, has readily obtained an appointment, many receiving as much as fifty pounds a-year, with board and lodging. A Swanley lady student has charge of a section of Lady Henry Somerset's Home at Duxhurst. Then, again, women students are now admitted to continue their studies at the Royal Gardens at Kew. The College is a charming old house, situated about fifteen miles from London. There are forty-three acres of grounds round the house, and these include fruit, flower, and vegetable gardens, orchards, mushroom-houses, and twenty-four glass-houses. The women students live at Southbank, a pretty house within a few minutes' walk of the College, and they share all the advantages which were till some five years ago restricted to the men students, namely, a fine lecture-hall, library, and workshop.

The manager of the Harlem Opera-House has hit on an ingenious and novel scheme for defeating the evils brought about by the theatre-hat. He has set aside a portion of the great lobby of his splendid domain in order to create what may be styled a hat-deposit safe, fitted up with tiers of plush-lined boxes roomy enough to comfortably hold the wildest whim of Dame Fashion, and fitted with locks. But I cannot help wondering whether M. Blumenthal really thinks that he will put an end to the theatre-hat nuisance in this fashion. Feminine headgear is nowadays meant to be looked at, and it will be curious indeed if a woman who has sent for a particularly charming Gainsborough or picture-hat from Paris will consent to take it off and deposit it in a safe just at the time when she would like to be seen in it by her friends and foes!

If certain curious tales that come from America are true, "General" Booth has plenty to learn from his transatlantic comrades. One well-known Michigan Methodist pastor delivers what he calls "practical sermons." During a temperance discourse he killed a cat by dosing the poor brute with pure alcohol, and on the same occasion he also exhibited the pickled inside of a man who had died of drink! This worthy is a furious anti-tobaccoite, and when once declaiming against the charms of tobacco he again brought poor pussy into notice by killing two cats with the aid of several drops of nicotine. Another clergyman, a Californian Episcopalian, has persuaded the Police Commissioners at Los Angeles to appoint him temporary police-officer. He walks about seeking whom he may devour, and in nine nights procured evidence of three hundred violations of the laws and ordinances. A third eccentric pastor, whom most people would certainly consider a disgrace to his cloth, hails from San Francisco, and his great fad is costume. He appears in the pulpit wearing knickerbockers, with black silk hose, pumps, and silver buckles. He indulges in every kind of gay colour, for he considers that the Louis Quinze dress makes people look so much more cheerful.

That is a curious story relating to an American politician who proposes that a fine of a thousand dollars shall be exacted every time an unauthorised portrait of any person (whether a somebody or a nobody) is published in a newspaper, magazine, or book. The withers of *The Sketch*, at any rate, are unwrung in this matter, but how many innocent people have had their features distorted beyond recognition by such irresponsible publication of pseudo-portraits! The penalty suggested would largely augment the revenue of the United States, wherein the chief offenders reside.

Every modern invention seems to bring along with it some kind of disability, not to say curse. Even the Röntgen Rays led to serious injuries, and now one of the most convenient inventions of the age is resulting in a new form of disease, euphemistically styled the "telephone-arm" and the "telephone-back." The constant lifting of the, to many people, familiar little receiver, brings about cramps in the muscles and a crook in the back. The Chicago doctors are taking a great interest in the new ailment, but, as is natural, the managers of the telephone companies are exceedingly indignant, and declare that people might as well talk of a "fork-arm," or a "knife-arm," or a "spoon-arm." Still, there is no doubt at all that excessive use of any one muscle, or set of muscles, leads in time to deformity and disease, and very few authors but have felt at some time or other twinges of the dreaded "writer's cramp."

The French are essentially a practical people. They leave little to chance, and this is probably why they are so successful in business. Paris boasts of an official rat-catcher, a certain M. Henri Dayve, who is, in his way, quite a character. He has served the town in his capacity of chief rat-executioner for thirty-five years, and he tells with pride that during that time he has caught, unaided by the use of a trap, over a million rats with his own hands. He is extremely proud of his profession, and on his card is emblazoned a crest formed by two rats rampant! Nowadays M. Dayve's labours are comparatively uninteresting, but during the Siege the official rat-catcher made a small fortune, for not only the common folk, but the purveyors of the great restaurants, were only too glad to pay a franc each for a well-fed rodent. Indeed, in time a plump rat ran up to as much as three francs. M. Dayve and his assistants—for his post is by means a sinecure—search out their victims in the famous Paris sewers. M. Dayve often turns an honest penny by selling live rats to those who delight in what may be styled a rat-battue, for there is very little sport about rat-catching conducted on the prepared rodent plan. An amateur will often pay as much as sixty-five francs, or two pounds twelve shillings, for a hundred live rats.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

D. E. Campbell-Muir. G. T. Bullard (reserve). A. S. Bell. B. H. Howell. D. Pennington.



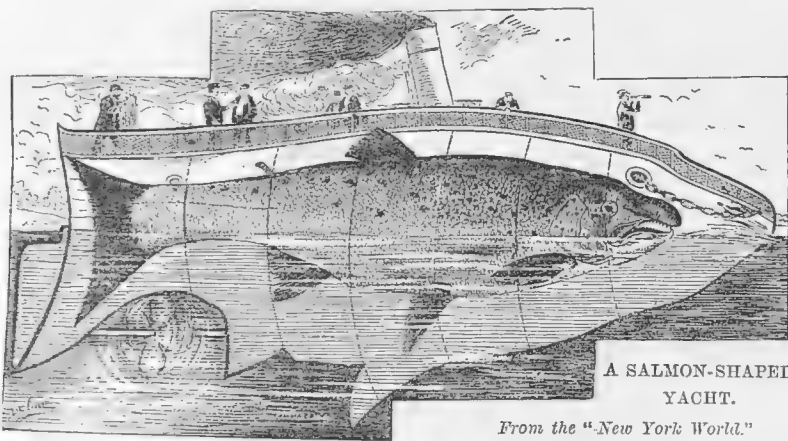
W. Dudley Ward. W. A. Bieber. E. C. Hawkins (cox). W. J. Fernie (stroke). E. J. D. Taylor.
THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEARN, CAMBRIDGE.
R. Carr. G. O. C. Edwards. J. J. de Knoop. H. Gold (stroke). R. O. Pitman (reserve).



C. D. Barnell. C. K. Phillips. H. R. K. Peckell (cox). W. E. Crum. E. R. Balfour.
THE OXFORD CREW.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BINSIE, EAST PUTNEY.

The enormous popularity of Mrs. Cleveland was shown at the inaugural celebrations of her husband's successor. One of the Washington newspapers, as well as a large number of Washingtonians, had expressed the hope that Mrs. Cleveland, on retiring from the White House this year, would originate something new in the line of official etiquette, which demands that the retiring President and his wife should walk out the back-door of the White House immediately after the inauguration of the new President. It was suggested that Mrs. Cleveland should attend the Inaugural Ball, but Mrs. Cleveland, who has the reputation of never having "made a mistake" in her career as mistress of the White House, did not begin her private life by making one. She was not at the ball. While Mrs. McKinley was bowing her acknowledgments to the people who greeted her in the Pension Building, Mrs. Cleveland was seated at the fireside of her new Princeton home. After the inauguration, she had cordially welcomed the new "first lady," presented her with a bouquet of her favourite flowers, then said good-bye, entered her carriage, and taken the train for Princeton.

The millionaire Pierre Lorillard, who during his sixty-four eventful years of life has done a number of curious things, including winning the Derby, building and owning the longest toboggan-slide in the world, and obtaining a unique reputation among the more eccentric yacht-owners of the world, is now devoting his mind to the building of an extraordinary boat which should rouse enthusiasm in every lover of Jules Verne. This strange vessel will resemble nothing so much as one of the curious craft evolved out of the wonderful imagination of the famous French storyteller. M. Lorillard's new yacht, if yacht it can be called, is being built entirely on the lines of a salmon. This minute following of the outlines of the fish has resulted in a breadth of extraordinary narrowness. The boat will be fifty feet in length, and only eight feet broad. It may be added that the salmon was chosen because of that fish's extraordinary swiftness. Indeed, M. Lorillard thinks that he will be able to achieve twenty to twenty-three knots an hour when travelling in his new toy; but he will be a bold man if he really puts off to sea in so curious a



A SALMON-SHAPED YACHT.

From the "New York World."

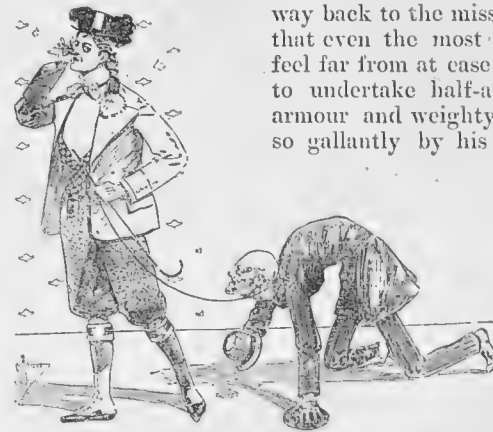
vessel; he will probably content himself with cruising about the coast. The motive-power has been kept secret, but the boat will probably be driven by compressed air. M. Lorillard built the first house-boat ever seen in America, and, some time after, he added to his floating home a curious stable-boat, which has accommodation for six horses, two cows, ten dogs, and two waggons. It is a pity that he does not bring all three craft over to Henley this summer. He would certainly produce a considerable sensation.

If indeed America is undoubtedly proud of her millionaires, she also thoroughly enjoys making fun of them. Thus New Yorkers are never tired of laughing at the eccentricities of Mrs. Hetty Green, who holds the proud position of being the richest woman in the States. But her son, Mr. Edward H. R. Green, who has lately gone into political life, is very popular, and considerable amusement has been excited by the announcement that he is willing to send his photograph anywhere on earth where it is asked for. In fact, in order to make a good start, Mr. Green sent the first two copies of an excellent portrait lately taken of him to the President-elect and to Mr. Mark Hanna. Of course, photographs play, even on this side, a considerable part in political campaigns. The portraits of the leading political chiefs are to be found in many a bare, wind-blown Irish cabin, and after Parnell's death millions of his photographs were sold all over America.

The whiff of time brings many changes, and the old order changeth. Only on the shores of Loch Ness. The Sassenach hand is upon them, and the chieftain is going or gone. The Falls of Foyers are turned to a clay-grinding machine, and Balmacalan, which lies on the opposite shore, once the home of the Mackenzies, is now to be the home of the Bradley-Martins. For many a day the MacLennans, the MacLeods, and Mackenzies have dropped their kilts and their Gaelic and sought a refuge across the seas; but now the tide has turned, and Americans seek a refuge on the shores of Loch Ness. At Balmacalan the Bradley-Martins will find other aliens waiting to afford them sport in its wild, picturesque, and wooded glens. They are recent immigrants from China, Reeve's Pheasants, which have thriven exceedingly well, and are described by

Mr. J. G. Millais as the princes of their kind. They are twice the size of the common pheasant, swifter in flight, afford better sport, and have most gorgeous tails, five to six feet in length. The unfortunate Gael! The Secretary for Scotland is obdurate, and will not sanction the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, and now his own country has become a sporting-ground for alien sportsmen shooting alien birds.

The Bible as reconstructed for Woman (with a big W), which one of my colleagues has dealt with elsewhere in this issue, is not the last degradation of the mere man. A Yankee woman advises the *New York World* that the New Man is in full retrograde movement, and that he will in time work his way back to the missing link. There is no doubt that even the most stalwart Guardsman would feel far from at ease if he were suddenly asked to undertake half-a-day's march in the heavy armour and weighty accoutrements once worn so gallantly by his own ancestor. A Russian



THE DESCENT OF MAN.

From the "New York World."

soldier who, on the day of the Coronation, marched in the Tsar's procession in the armour of the Black Knights did die of exhaustion. But is this the slightest scientific basis for the supposition that, while women improve physically, men must decline?

Colonel John Hay,

our new American Ambassador, has taken a house in Carlton House Terrace, which has always housed diplomats, and in view of his coming Messrs. Routledge have reissued his stirring "Pike Country Ballads." The American papers for weeks have been expanding themselves over his star-and-stripeism and the qualities in him which will resist contamination with our ways. I wonder how long he will remain immune. His predecessors have left our shores with regret.

I have received two little American books about the relations between England and America. One is entitled "Why Americans Dislike England," and is written by Professor George Burton Adams, of Yale University. I have never read a more rational and dispassionate statement of traditional American sentiment. Professor Adams is strongly attached to England, and believes in the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race; but he is quite alive to the historic causes of that hostility to this country which is bred in so many Americans at school. English boys don't learn much about the American Revolution and the war of 1812; but to the American school-boy these are the great landmarks of civilisation. Then the attitude of a section of English society during the American Civil War, though forgotten here, is remembered with bitterness over the water. The other book is called "England and America: Founded on an Ancient Saga." This explains in blank verse how the union of the two peoples puts an end to war and endows the earth with "universal happiness." I am afraid this celestial optimism will not have much weight with the American Senate. That august body has killed the



"NEW YORK WORLD'S" VIEW OF THE BRADLEY-MARTINS IN SCOTLAND.

Arbitration Treaty for the time, and shown how serious is the antagonism to us which Professor Adams deprecates. Patience may triumph over this. Meanwhile, I am wondering what Mr. G. W. Smalley thinks now of the American Second Chamber, which he extolled some years ago by way of encouragement to the House of Lords!

It would be interesting to know how the chick which has just chipped out of the shell is impressed by the first sight of its new surroundings. The transition from chrysalis to butterfly is less abrupt than that from egg to chickenhood—so far as the subject is concerned in relation to the external world. One cannot help imagining that the chick, coming into the world almost with the suddenness of an explosion, must feel giddy and upset by the change in its condition. To the young of many species, life's morning dawns gradually; you can hardly call a new-born kitten or thrush alive in the full sense of the word during the first days of existence; they have no part in the plan of Creation save to keep their parents busy for the first weeks of their being. Not so the young of gallinaceous and some other birds, who burst upon an expectant world fully equipped with eyesight, a distinct quota of intelligence, and no mean powers of locomotion.

The Brahma, with his array of cups and medals, which is shown in the photograph here is one of the genus on the Seaforth Poultry Farm, which is situated in the Brahan district of Ross-shire, and contains no fewer than 750 birds, all of prize strains. The prizes awarded to those of them exhibited during last year alone at various shows in England and Scotland numbered over a hundred, including fifty-six first prizes, besides cups and medals. The Brahma referred to has since the winter of 1891 won some thirty prizes in all, and on every occasion on which he was exhibited the prize consisted of either a first or a cup or medal.



A MUCH-PRIZED BRAHMA.

Photo by Munro, Dingwall.

The 5th Volunteer Battalion of the Cameronians is to be disbanded. Mr. Brodrick said that the regiment was lacking in discipline, among other essentials; but, according to a weekly paper at which I glance occasionally, the discipline must have been something more than tyrannical. I read, "First the adjutant was *hanged*, because the colonel could not get on with him." If the War Office followed the example of my contemporary's printer, and hanged every Volunteer adjutant whose colonel "could not get on with him," these appointments would be less an object of desire to impecunious soldiers. Much virtue lurks in the "c" omitted.

A friend of mine, writing from sunny Spain, tells me of the glories of the Carnival in ancient and picturesque Granada, which, she informs me (for the writer is a very charming young lady), quite eclipses in warmth of colour and delightfulness of its surroundings the more familiar saturnalia of the Riviera, or of the French or Italian cities. The brightness and beauty were not confined to the streets of the old Moorish Capital, and one of the scenes which appears to have most impressed my fair correspondent was that of the theatre on the last night of the Carnival, when the whole house was filled with masqueraders, who utterly neglected to attend to the performance, and amused themselves with firing volleys of confetti at one another in a spirit of joyous abandonment which would seem strange indeed in one of our West End theatres.

Who is the richest man in the world? The other *World* of New York says it is Li Hung Chang, whom it credits with a fortune of £100,000,000.

The next in order are John D. Rockefeller, of Standard Oil fame, £40,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt and W. W. Astor, £24,000,000 each; Herr Krupp, £23,600,000; George Gould and the Duke of Westminster, £20,000,000 each; John Jacob Astor and Baron Rothschild, £16,000,000 each; and Mr. Russell Sage, £8,000,000.



"TIME TO COME OUT, THERE!"

Photo by W. P. Marsh, Bognor.

A friend of mine, who is still a bachelor living in chambers, happened to get his name inserted in one of the directories this year. The consequences have been curious, for, as you will see by his verses, he is being credited with a better half—

I'm never given to making eyes,
And Cupid never was my patron,
Yet on my breakfast-plate there lies
A missive for my mythic matron.

And thus, as man and wife are one—
At least while each is still a lover—
My fingers naturally run
Through Madame's dainty letter-cover.

The message that mine eyes do see
Is never such to make me jealous.
'Tis not of love, but *lingerie*,
That correspondents wax so zealous.

Madam—the letter thus begins—
Our buyer has returned from Paris.
I follow not his outs and ins,
Until he speaks of tweeds from Harris.

And then he ventures to announce
To me, who ever failed at flirting,
His prices for a frill or flounce,
His "lines" of prints for summer skirting.

He paints for me the petticoat
For beauty (while she's chrysalis),
Though ne'er on Golden Girls I dote—
My point of view is non-Narcissy.

And dames who give "at homes" appear
To find the very greatest "pleasure"
In meeting me and Mrs. —, here
Thy name, of course, my missing treasure.

My mate is but a dear of dreams—
A well-beloved, dim and distant;
And yet the world will waste its reams
On her who still is non-existent.



JUST ARRIVED.

Photo by W. P. Marsh, Bognor.

Hengrave Hall, in Suffolk, was built in the earlier portion of the sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Kytson. It is a very beautiful and stately old place; according to Mr. John Gage, the building "is a fine and, in some respects, unique example of the domestic architecture of the period," having survived very many contemporary houses of similar character, and remaining a remarkably perfect specimen of the Elizabethan manor-house. The embattled manor-house, though lacking the defensive characteristics of the castle, was, in the days of Henry VIII., regarded in some sense as the architectural successor of a dwelling in which the owner might take up his quarters and bid defiance to the authorities, for we find that a royal licence was required and granted for the erection of Hengrave Hall in 1525. In the history of the county, Hengrave and its occupants figure with frequency, as the Hall was generally the residence or property of an influential man. From the papers preserved in the Hall library a vast amount of interesting information is obtainable, throwing light upon the social and domestic life of past times as well as on political matters of wider importance. The Hall in its time has owned many masters; Sir Thomas Kytson, the original owner, appears from the family archives to have been a great sportsman, and we infer from the fact that the picture was taken on the occasion of a meet of hounds at the Hall that the present proprietor shares Sir Thomas's tastes.

An indifferent hunting season has closed with a really wonderful series of good runs. Not for years can such a March for scent be remembered, and packs in every part of Great Britain and Ireland have scored red-letter days in the last few weeks. The high winds have dried the land, and in the Midlands the going has been as good as the scent, which has enabled hounds to run their foxes and kill them more often than not. This recalls the fact that some curiosities of the kind have been recorded lately. A few weeks ago, a fox before the Hampshire Hounds took it into his head to run along the railway line, and, being hard pressed, jumped off the bridge thirty feet down upon the highway below. The leading hounds must have been snapping at his brush, for they literally fell upon him in the road, and killed him. I have before remarked upon the ability of the fox to take drop-jumps with impunity. The remarkable feature of this case is that only one hound was at all seriously hurt; the escape from injury of the rest was, no doubt, due to the fox serving as a cushion. A few days afterwards, in the Quorn country, the hunted and beaten fox sought refuge in the waiting-room at Widmerspool Station; he failed to find it, for hounds followed and killed him under the benches. Last week the Pytchley, after one of the best runs they have had this season, killed their fox in the canal. This last performance has often been paralleled. A season or two ago the Lanark and Renfrew killed their fox in the Clyde within sight of Dumbarton Castle, the huntsman having to take boat to perform the obsequies. Lord Eglinton's also killed in Martnaham Lock in deep water, after a memorable run. On Tuesday, the 23rd, the North Warwickshire finished a capital two hours' run by killing their fox in a covert in the

corner of the field where the crowd was assembled to see the Rugby Hunt Races. They broke him up within a couple of hundred yards of the winning-post.

Is there really balm in Tottenham Street? The dismal and dilapidated building, last used for Salvation Army purposes, and known as the Prince of Wales's Theatre during those happy years when the Bancrofts and their associates drew thither crowds of fashionable folks, seems to have a chance of becoming something better than an eyesore and a



HENGRAVE HALL.

Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Bury St. Edmunds.

rendezvous for dirty children. Workmen were recently engaged in performing some exterior cleaning operations, and a couple of boards now proclaim that the place is to be let or sold, alterations being promised to suit the requirements of tenants. The dear little bandbox theatre has indeed slept ignobly quite long enough.

The bust of Shakspeare and other appropriate adornments are to be seen on the cover of a new monthly magazine, the *Indian Stage*, published at Madras, and conducted by the Suguna Vilasa Sabha. The magazine is designed to foster the efforts of the many dramatic societies, both professional and amateur, recently started in India, and its first number contains both elaborate articles of general criticism and gossip relating to the doings of these societies. I wish prosperity to the *Indian Stage*.

Though the pike enjoys a greater reputation for appetite than spirit, pike-fishing, properly pursued, is a sport by no means to be despised. To make the most of it, you should approach him with a light rod and tackle proof against the sharpest and strongest teeth; a hundred well-hooked pike escape by biting through the trace for one that fairly breaks away. When pike are "on the feed" the angler very quickly finds it out. The basket shown in our picture is a good one, consisting of eleven fish (ten of them pike) aggregating seventy-eight pounds; the biggest one in the foreground must have pulled down the scale at twelve or fourteen pounds. We are not told where the haul was made; perhaps the angler thinks it wise to safeguard luck with discretion and keep silence concerning the reach where such a basket was caught.



A GOOD CATCH.

Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Bury St. Edmunds.

With the keen fly-fisher the question of gut for his casting-line has always been a matter of the first importance, and of late years the problem of finding gut at a reasonable figure which combined the qualities of roundness, strength, and length has been a very difficult one. The silkworm which flourished in the days of our forefathers was a creature of abnormal powers, but blight and disease fell upon him, and he became extinct, and fishers had to resign themselves to gut which, though in other respects satisfactory, never measured more than fifteen inches per reliable strand. This was the fruit of a worm inhabiting Spain and the South of France, and understood to have been originally a native of Japan. Mr. Ogden Smith, the well-known tackle-manufacturer, has been further afield, however, and has on view at his stall at the "Fisheries Exhibition," at the Aquarium, some hanks of gut measuring several feet in length, which he has brought back with him from China. This is the product of a worm of great size, and is manufactured by a process which the Chinese prefer to keep secret; but there is plenty of it, and, if the gut will take on the necessary finish, and is of equal strength to the old short strand, there is a great future before it, as it does away with the troublesome breakable knotting, and the line has a much better appearance.

Despite the incursions of "driving" into the domain of sport with the gun (writes "Pepperside"), there are still large numbers of British knights of the trigger who do not despise the services of the ever-faithful companion of man. Shooting over the dogs is indeed a necessity in most parts of the Scottish game-grounds, on account of the more or less hilly configuration of the country, which does not lend itself readily to the practice of the fine art of driving. This accounts for the continued vogue of the dog in the shooting of grouse, blackgame, and ptarmigan in the Scottish Highlands, though there were several hilly districts last season where driving was resorted to for the first time in their history as game-preserves; but it is not believed that the result was an improvement on the old-fashioned style so much enjoyed by such princes among sportsmen as the late Charles St. John and Horatio Ross. Pointers, setters, and spaniels are now enjoying their period of well-earned rest, till the advent of August calls them out to active service again.

A collie is nothing if not an intelligent dog. For ages the shepherd has bred him for his brains, rejecting the stupid dogs and selecting those that showed special intelligence and aptitude in working sheep. He might be as ugly as sin and traverse every point in colour and form essential to a well-bred collie, and yet be the shepherd's favourite if only he could interpret and execute his master's will and command. But now collies are favourites with hundreds who never owned a sheep in their lives, and who breed them not for their intelligence, but for their form and colour. Brains and beauty are not usually concomitants either among men or dogs, and the result of breeding the collie for show purposes has been to give the prized ones certain lines of muzzle, face, ears, body, and limbs, and, if they have brains at all, they are in nowise indebted to the breeders. Still, even the prize-dog seems to retain something of the old sheep-dog's conscience, for at a dog show the other day a prize collie, bred wholly on show lines, was utterly abashed when accused of that most heinous of collie crimes, sheep-stealing. In fact, the collie is a most sensitive animal, and even the collie pup, as may be seen from the faces of the healthy family, not quite three months old, represented on this page, has the human weakness of feeling somewhat queer under the eye of a photographer. Every one

of them has forced on a Sunday face, some quizzical, some knowing, and some as if they had just been accused of sheep-stealing.

There is indeed nothing new under the sun. The precautions taken to prevent the Bombay rats from aiding in the transmission of the Plague have been hailed as further proof of the progress of science. However,



"WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

Photo by Munro, Dingwall.

it may be pointed out that, during a pestilence which prevailed at Bologna in 1630, similar measures were put into force with respect to the harmless necessary cats and the domestic dogs of that city. It was decreed that all vagrant dogs were to be slain by dutiful citizens, and that for each dog killed in the streets the slayer should receive three crowns.

Mr. Laurence Hutton has presented Princeton University with the death-masks of sixty distinguished men. The collection is said to be unique. Mr. Hutton, who began his quest in London thirty years ago, bought the mask of Swift—the only one in existence—for two shillings.



"WE ARE SEVEN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR MARX, COURT PHOTOGRAPHER, FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.

If you want to see "Richard III." at the Lyceum you must needs make arrangements at once, for the last night performance takes place on Tuesday and the last matinée on Wednesday.

What strange, unrehearsed effects are sometimes made by the sticker of theatrical bills! The other morning, while waiting the pleasure of a certain railway company to move on, in a suburban station, the amusements provided for Metropolitan theatre-goers attracted my attention in the following disordered order. "Richard III." appeared to be enjoying "A Night Out" with "Two Little Vagabonds." "In Sight of St. Paul's," "The Gay Parisienne," "Sweet Nancy," and "The Circus Girl" were all together in a corner, while "His Majesty" looked down on them, as if considering on which to lavish his royal favours. "The Prodigal Father," apparently acting on "My Aunt's Advice," had taken up his position "Under the Red Robe," and, most strange of all, "My Friend the Prince," between "Saucy Sally" and "Black-Eyed Susan," occupied a prominent place beneath the "Kider-down Quilt." As we ran out of the station I observed poor "Nelson's Enchantress" placed round a corner with "The Daughters of Babylon"; but whether they were simply crowded out from the more prominent space, or the bill-sticker had exercised his own judgment and so placed them out of the way of tempting, or of temptation, I am unable to decide.

The monotonous way in which dramatic and musical entertainments are advertised in London—just a list of names and nothing more—is not imitated in India. Who could resist the attractions of the following bill, cut from the columns of the *Calcutta Statesman*? Who would despise a "satchel chockful of novelties," or refuse to "begin smiling at 9 p.m."?

Theatre Royal. Last week! Last week!! (but one of) Hudson's Surprise Party. To-night! To-night!! To-night!!! (The last Saturday but one in India.) Grand Presidency Athletic Programme, full of sparkle, gaiety, and go.

Hilarity precipitated 9 p.m., with the following truly rural satchel chockful of novelties. (Nary a foundling in the whole conglomeration.) Part I.—Our Bery of Beauties in our Palace of Flowers, who will merrily dispense the following harmony and mirth.

Then follows a very full and varied programme, closing with the notice, "Box plan Harold's. Smiling begins 9 p.m." This is quite worthy of our transatlantic brethren.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's arrangements for his forthcoming provincial tour will, I believe, keep him away from London until about mid-June. The plays he is taking with him ought certainly to prove attractive. Miss Sarah Brooke, who played Militza to Miss Lily Hanbury's Basilide on Mr. Robertson's former tour of "For the Crown," is, I think, to be leading lady; and, in addition to the John Davidson-François Coppée adaptation, there will be given "The Profligate," with the actor-manager in his splendid impersonation of the title-character, and a version of "The Scarlet Letter." In 1888, it may be recalled, there were in the field two rival dramatisations of Nathaniel Hawthorne's book, Miss Calhoun then appearing as Hester Prynne at the Royalty in the version made by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes. Possibly Mr. Forbes-Robertson thinks that all these latter-day successes of novels turned into plays render opportune his revival of "The Scarlet Letter."

The name of the Greet companies on tour is now almost legion. Mr. William Greet has at present three or four engaged with "The Sign of

the Cross," and is concerned in various other enterprises of great pith and moment. Mr. Ben Greet, again, has three "Sign of the Cross" companies visiting the smaller towns and country places; "His Little Dodge," with Miss Cora Stuart as Lady Miranda, forms the *pièce de résistance* of a triple bill, and he has also on the road an excellent organisation playing Villiers Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien." Among the interpreters of the successful Irish opera are that old favourite



MISS JULIA ARTHUR AS LADY ANNE IN "RICHARD III." AT THE LYCEUM.

"It is a quarrel just and reasonable to be revenged on him that killed my husband."

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

Miss Leonora Braham; Mr. Avalon Collard, formerly the tenor of the German Reed entertainment; Mr. Magrath, who is still associated with this work; and a clever Cork girl, Miss Birdie Conway, who, under the *nom-de-guerre* of Mdlle. Delrita, began her operatic career when Augustus Harris was Consul, appearing now and then at Drury Lane, and being a member of the late impresario's American "Hänsel and Gretel" Company. On her indisposition recently, Miss Conway's place as Kitty in "Shamus O'Brien" was taken one evening by Miss M. Michael-Watson, daughter of the composer of that name, and niece of Miss M. A. Victor, the well-known actress.

Mr. Henry A. Lytton has but a thankless task in being called upon to succeed Mr. George Gros-smith in "His Majesty," but he has established an excellent record with the D'Oyly Carte companies in the provinces, and he has before appeared at the Savoy. The provinces, as I always maintain, are able to provide London theatres, in case of need, with any number of clever and versatile comedians. Of the truth of this statement the case of Mr. Walter Passmore affords a notable instance.

Miss Mary B. Wilkins is, it seems, venturing on the thorny path whereon her fellow-novelist, Mr. Marion Crawford, lately came to grief. Miss Wilkins has written a play in collaboration with a journalist of Boston, and this piece will probably first "face the music" of a theatre band in "the hub of the universe."

An influential representative committee of London managers and friends of the late Mr. Charles Harris have arranged to give a benefit matinée for his widow at the Gaiety Theatre on April 29. A programme of unique interest, supported by the leading members of the profession, has been arranged.

"A Night Out" will probably repeat in the provinces its American and Vaudeville successes, although I remember that, on its original English production in Newcastle, some strait laced Northumbrians were

rather scandalised. Mr. Alfred Maltby is playing Pinglet in Mr. George Edwardes's company, and the same part with Mr. E. Lockwood's company is assumed, with equal success, by Mr. E. W. Garden.

Having pinned his faith boldly to his effective Drury Lane drama, "The Duchess of Coolgardie," Mr. John Coleman has started successfully at the Islington Grand a "sub-urban tour," with an excellent company, including beautiful Miss Dorothy Dene in the title-part and Mr. J. H. Clydes as Big Ben. Mr. Coleman's provincial company starts operations at Newcastle at the end of July, and, meanwhile, the drama is being presented just now in the West Country by a company of lesser calibre.

I hear that the question of Living Statuary as an item of music-hall entertainment has been considered at a meeting of the Theatres Committee of the London County Council. It is clear that protest will always be made against certain forms of amusement that rely upon the right-mindedness of all mankind. If perfection were an attribute of everyone's character, it would not much matter what we went to see. Under present circumstances, men and women may well be excused if they show a disposition to disregard the parrot-like "Art" cry that is raised so soon as a doubtful item is included in a programme. Several turns have been presented to the public during the past few months and withdrawn when protest waxed too vigorous. Over the Liberty as represented by the manager looms the protecting shadow of Licence as represented by the L.C.C. at the Sessions. How can the one be restrained to keep within the reasonable limits of the shadow's protection?

Mrs. Alice Shaw's twin daughters, Ethel and Elsie, who are fourteen years old, recently followed their mother on the stage as whistlers. They are now to combine the arts of the *siffleuse* and the *danseuse*.



MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD AS MARGARET OF ANJOU IN "RICHARD III.," AT THE LYCEUM.

"A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof, for I am she, and altogether joyless!"

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE DUMPIES

ALBERT VEREJOY PAINTER & ILLUSTRATOR

[Copyrighted by The Sketch]

THE COMING OF THE MATES.



For it is written that whatsoever abideth with the Dumpies shall become of a presence squat and manner unwieldy, even as they. THE KAYAN.

Now when it was near the end of the third month of the Year of Amenities, and many birds and beasts had made their home with the Dumpy people, there came a time when the snow had gone away from the hills, and winter was hiding only in dark hollows here and there, making ready to depart. A tinge of green began to show on the maple-buds and in clumps of grass that grew on the sunny side of the fence that separated the Land of Low Mountains from the outer world. For some days past the Dumpy people had noticed that their two- and four-footed friends had been irritable and discontented with their lot. Even the Goose, who was not very particular, complained of the candied almonds which Sugar-lumps, Chief Confectioner, had prepared in his best possible manner. One morning they were awakened at early daybreak by the wailing of the little Bears.

"What is the trouble?" said Wiscacre, dressing hastily and hurrying forth.

"Oh, our m-m-mother has gone and left us," they all moaned in chorus.

Wiscacre soon found that this was true. The She-bear was gone. Then a hasty investigation revealed that with her had also departed all

But lo! next morn the She-bear's voice
The Dumpies recognised—
Then heard the little Bears rejoice
And hurried forth, surprised.

And when the wondrous facts they learned,
Their joy was doubly great—
Behold the She-bear had returned,
And with her was her mate.

And close behind Sir 'Possum came,
And with him Lady 'P.,
And all the rest had done the same
And brought their mates, you see.

The Rabbit begged, with trembling knees,
His wife to introduce;
And then, "My husband, if you please,"
Said haughty Mistress Goose.



Then came the Owl, with stately tread,
And blindly blinking eye;
"Behold my honoured mate!" he said;
"She's taller now than I."

Then shouted all the Dumpy band
With wonder and delight;
The finest feast of Dumpy Land
They held that happy night.

His Dumplingship was filled with pride,
The little Bears were gay;
"We've nothing now to fear," they cried,
"Our folks have come to stay!"

of their other new friends. All were gone except the Griffin, whom Wiscacre had under a hypnotic spell, and the little Bears. The Dumpy chronicles have the story in rhyme—

Then loud excitement reigned supreme
Among the Dumpy folk;
The Dumpling from a sugared dream
All shivering awoke.

He rolled in terror from his bed
And roused the Dumpling-ee.
"Our friends have fled! Arise," he said.
"Go after them," said she.

Then all the band was formed in line
And valiantly set forth.
They started on the stroke of nine;
Their course was headed north.

And bravely they pursued their way,
And circled 'round and 'round,
And pitched their camp at close of day,
All seated on the ground;

Then trudged along the next day through,
And all returned at last
To Dumpy Land in spirits blue,
And very much downcast.

Thus it was that, in the early spring, the new friends of the Dumpies came with their mates and made their home for good in the Land of Low Mountains. It was quite funny to see them at first, for those who had come earliest were much shorter and heavier of body than their mates who now came to dwell with them; but this difference became less and less, and soon disappeared entirely.



JACK AFLOAT.

The problems that surround the whole conduct of our first line of defence have very naturally led to a re-examination of the past history of our Navy and to an increased solicitude for its future. Captain Mahan's classic work has been followed by a crop of books about the Navy, which has become little short of a latter-day literary fashion, and the volumes under discussion—"Famous British Warships and their Commanders," by Walter Hood (Hurst and Blackett); "Life of Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.," by Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald (Blackwood and Sons); and "Naval Engineers and the Command of the Sea," by Francis G. Burton (Technical Publishing Company)—all illustrate this fashion in different ways. From the daring days of Sir Richard Grenville in the *Revenge* (so different from its present namesake) and the *Victoria* (which never fired a shot in anger), down to the conflicts of the future, which will depend so much on the skill and education not of the captain on the bridge only, but of the engineers down in the depths of the ships, we are shown here what our seamen have dared and done in the past and what they may be called on to endure in the future.

Can we expect ships or men in the future to surpass, or even to equal, the desperate courage and endurance shown by Grenville and his valiant crew in that long struggle with the Navy of Spain off the Azores, when—

The sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three?



SIR GEORGE TRYON.

Photo by Ellis, Malta.

Of all our struggles against overwhelming odds this is the most wonderful, and the *Revenge* occupies the first position in the record of individual valour. The tenacity of Anson, in the *Centurion*, as he puts to sea—his little fleet manned in great measure by aged Chelsea pensioners—to ravage the Spanish possessions in the far Pacific and seize the *Acapuleco* treasure-ship, and, in spite of storms and sickness, succeeds in his enterprise, forms one of the most striking passages in our naval annals. Nelson at Trafalgar in the *Victory*—which, after carrying the flags of fifteen Admirals, now floats in honoured age in Portsmouth Harbour—and Collingwood, his second in command, in the *Royal Sovereign*, leading their respective lines to break through the array of France and Spain, are heroes whose great deeds can never be forgotten, and whose memories are still of incalculable value in forming the character of our naval commanders. Blake, Duncan, Rodney, and Howe, with the ships in which they won their greatest triumphs, are shown to us in their hours of victory; while names less exalted than those, such as Cochrane in the *Speedy*, and Captain Broke of the *Shannon*, find an honoured repose in Mr. Hood's Valhalla of heroes.

The enormous changes which the Navy has undergone during the three centuries dealt with in these books belong so entirely to the last forty years that Sir Richard Grenville and his crew might have been more at home on the old wooden *Vengeance*, in which young Tryon sailed to the Crimea, than a seaman of 1854 would feel on a battleship of to-day. And yet, with all the changes, those avoidable disasters other than

H.M.S. "REVENGE" AT PORTSMOUTH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

battle which overtake ships link the story of the past to the present, for the fate of the *Royal George*, vividly told by Mr. Hood, is paralleled by the dread loss of the *Victoria*, with her brilliant commander and so many of her officers and crew. Admiral Tryon, whose career was thus cut short, was not only an admirable officer—he was a great man. He had entered the Navy at the unusually advanced age of seventeen, and, during the forty-five years of his naval career, had taken part in all the vast changes which have transformed the old Navy into the formidable force of to-day. It seems strange to read that his first appearance in the Navy was under Lord Dundonald, the famous Cochrane whose daring on the *Speedy*, a century ago, places him in the front rank of our naval heroes.

The career thus begun on a sailing line-of-battle ship, and amid the traditions of the Navy of Nelson, was, till its tragic end, a remarkably successful one. As a midshipman, Tryon was an enthusiast in boat-sailing, signalling, and, indeed, every branch of his calling, which he saw operating in actual war. He was present at the bombardment of Odessa, and his promotion came while he was serving with the Naval Brigade in the trenches before Sebastopol. After four years' service as lieutenant, he had the great good fortune to be appointed to the royal yacht, which gave him the step—so important to get early—from the crowded ranks of the Lieutenants to the more select band of Commanders; and at the age of thirty-four he became a Post-Captain, so that the highest rank in the Navy was well within his reach. As Commander he served on the *Warrior*, our first ironclad, and his first independent command was a small gunvessel in the Mediterranean. As Post-Captain he commanded the *Raleigh*, a smart new cruiser, and the *Monarch*, which formed a part of the fleet that in 1878 went to bar Russia's way to Constantinople. In each successive commission he increased his reputation as an energetic and resourceful officer, and it was with a long record of distinguished service, not only as an officer and administrator, but as a diplomat, that in 1884 he hoisted his flag as Rear-Admiral on the Australian station. As Transport Officer to the Abyssinian Expedition he showed his administrative ability and skill in the management of men, and the tact displayed in the Sfax affair, which, less delicately handled, might have involved us in serious trouble with France, was warmly acknowledged by the authorities at home. In addition to his Naval duties, Admiral Tryon took up very keenly the question of local defence, and was able to persuade the Australian Colonies that their true interest was to support one powerful squadron of cruisers which could seek an enemy at sea, leaving the seaports to the local land forces. He also suggested a system of intercolonial assurance, with the object of making good losses which ports might subject themselves to by offering resistance to a hostile squadron, or for coal or other stores which, when assistance was hopeless, they might destroy to prevent them falling into the enemy's power. A scheme of marine insurance which he advocated at home for war-time seems full of promise, although it failed to win the approval of a large section of our shipowners. During the intervals of his active life afloat, Tryon held various posts at Headquarters, and took an active part in establishing a Naval Intelligence Department, as well as in revising the evolutionary-signal books, services which do not make much show, but are of inestimable value in time of conflict.

At no period of his career did he do greater service to his country than when he was in command of one of the squadrons at the annual Manœuvres during the years 1888, 1889, and 1890. Whether intentionally or not, he gave his countrymen a demonstration of the risks they were running in neglecting to keep up a Navy equal to all the calls which war would make on it. To these Manœuvres and to Captain Mahan's great book on "The Influence of Sea Power," we owe the awakening of the country from a state of dangerous indifference to her Navy, and the marvellous increase of our Naval strength which the last few years have witnessed. The subject of signalling he had studied all his life, and he felt strongly that the usual methods could not be practised with success in the day of battle. At Trafalgar, Nelson's band of brothers needed no signals after his famous "England expects every man will do his duty"; and Tryon's aim, especially when he held the command in the Mediterranean, was to manœuvre his Fleet with as few signals as possible. In his system the idea was that his captains should follow the example of their leader's ship, unless called on by signal to do otherwise. "What we are going to do in action," he maintained, "we should practise when we can"; and manœuvring was constantly practised by his Fleet, till "it may be said, without fear of contradiction or wounding anyone's feelings, that of all the long line of able men who have commanded the British Mediterranean Fleet, none ever had that Fleet in more perfect order or under better control than he had; nor did any admiral ever possess more absolutely the trust and confidence of his captains, not even Nelson himself."

The loss of the *Victoria* shows the great danger an attacking ship herself incurs, for, although the blow was delivered at no high speed, the *Cumperdown* nearly shared the fate of her consort. In actual battle water-tight doors would be shut, and the risk to both would be diminished, and in the imaginary battles of Toulon, described in "Naval Engineers," the losses from the ram seem to be less serious than those from the torpedo. The description of these battles is very realistic, and, although several chapters are devoted to a severe criticism of the dealings of the Naval authorities with the engine-room staff, and also with inventors, the book is interesting and well deserves a careful perusal. Of the offensive power of modern warships we are well assured, but till their day of trial comes we can only hope they will endure as well as the old hearts of oak.

THE BISHOP OF TORTUGA.

"Yes," the Bishop remarked reflectively, "as you say, Travers, we had some delightful times at Oxford together."

"I should think so!" the new-comer assented. "We *did* have larks! What days on the river! And what nights in college!"

The Bishop moved uneasily in his chair. Then he glanced at the Bishopess and the two Bishopinas. "My dear," he said, wriggling inside his black apron, "it is very hot in here. I think I will take Mr. Travers out in the garden a little."

The Bishopess's face expressed sincere relief. Mr. Travers's talk tended not to edification. She, too, glanced at the Bishopinas. "I would, Edward, if I were you," she answered. "Perhaps Mr. Travers smokes. He might like a cigar." She threw out the hint in the firm voice of one who implies that tobacco *within* the house was not permissible at Bishopstow.

"Ah, you don't smoke now, then?" Travers put in, with a note of surprise. "Well, that's odd. Given it up? Must have cost him a wrench, though, Mrs. Mitchell. Never saw him at Oxford without a short briar-root in his mouth, bar chapel or lecture. Did I, Mitchell?"

The Bishop rose solemnly, stood for a moment by the open window with his episcopal legs in a studied attitude of episcopal doubt, and then led the way into the garden. It was a beautiful West-Indian night; tropical moonlight lay pale green upon the floor of the verandah; fireflies flitted in and out; the scent of large white flowers was heavy on the air. Travers thought it all beautiful. He had only arrived at Tortuga that morning, and had come straight up to Bishopstow to make his first impression of the tropics under his old friend's roof and his old friend's auspices.

The Bishop selected a sequestered spot at the furthest end of the verandah, placing a long deck-chair for Travers where he was least likely to be overheard by the two Bishopinas.

"Yes," he continued, in a bland professional murmur, "we have a Great Work here, and I feel that abstinence from all appearance of evil is a necessity of my usefulness."

John Travers lighted a cigar. Its smoke blew towards the Bishop. "Capital tobacco one gets here," Travers remarked.

The Bishop sniffed it regretfully. "It has a delicious fragrance, I will admit," he answered with reluctance.

Travers leaned back in his chair and watched the fireflies as they flitted. The air was balmy. "Ah, what times we had at Oxford!" he went on, reflecting. "What times we had there, Mitchell! Do you remember that saucy little girl who used to sell flowers at the corner near the Randolph? A pretty bit of fluff; Polly Peach, they called her. What fun we had chaffing her! Well, she's married a doctor now, and has a son at Brasenose."

"I am glad to hear it," the Bishop answered, putting his thumbs and forefingers together. "Though she was a frivolous young woman, she was not wholly lacking in—in what I may venture to call the essentials of refinement. And we must remember she was placed in a position of some temptation."

"Yes, she's married," Travers went on, "to a doctor, as I say. I think you knew him. Oh, of course; we were at a drunk together at his rooms in Balliol!"

"I recollect taking wine," the Bishop admitted, after a pause, "with a man named Holmes there."

"The same! The very fellow! What a way he had with the girls, too! And then the bonfire. Do you remember our bonfire on the night our Torpid beat Christ Church and Oriel? How you brought out faggots into the quad after the Bump Supper, and remarked that you didn't care a something-or-other for the Dons, and made a jolly good blaze, and were almost sent down for it?"

The Bishop hesitated. "I have some indistinct recollection that there *was* a bonfire," he allowed at last, dubiously.

"*Was* a bonfire! Why, my dear fellow, you were all but sent packing for it. You can't possibly forget. You were let off on the ground that most of the other men were much more drunk than you; *you* were just sober enough to light the faggots in the middle of the quad, while the other men wanted to pile and light them against the hall and chapel."

The Bishop's face was rigid with terror.

Just then a cry rose on the air from a cottage not far off—a weird, shrill cry, as of women wailing.

"What's that?" Travers asked, with a start.

Saved, saved! The Bishop gasped with joy. He remembered that Travers had had typhoid at college, and lived ever after in bodily dread of zymotic diseases. "That," he replied, in very calm and measured tones, "is—only a negro wake. The women are wailing and keening after their kind over one of their people who has died in this epidemic. I regret to say, owing to our imperfect sanitary arrangements, such scenes are too common. We grow perhaps to disregard them with almost unchristian lack of sympathy."

"Epidemic? What epidemic?"

The Bishop stretched truth as far it would go. "Yellow jack," he answered, in an unconcerned voice. "Very bad here at present. They are dying by thousands—the whites and browns especially. It attacks new-comers most of all. People of florid complexion and full habit of body, fresh out from England, are almost sure——"

Travers rose in horror. He was fresh-coloured and full-blooded. "Is it all over the islands?" he asked, with marked eagerness.

The Bishop gave a dramatic pause. "Not in Barbadoes," he answered slowly. "Barbadoes is quite wholesome. There's a steamer to Barbadoes to-morrow morning."

GRANT ALLEN.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

In these notes last week, in connection with a certain recent sale at which two or three Landseers realised exceptionally high prices, a fleeting comparison was made between the elder artist and Mr. Swan as animal-painters. Since the words were written an opportunity has been given of examining Mr. Swan's achievement in this regard at the Fine Art Society's, where an exhibition of his studies of wild animals is now before the public. Of this show the trite saying has for once a fulness of truth in it—that it is one which should on no account be missed; if one did not know it before, here is convincing proof that Mr. Swan is, without any question, the greatest of animal-painters among English artists now alive.

In the first place, Mr. Swan has thoroughly grasped the interesting fact that life, the humour, the pose, the tenseness of life as you find it, and not as you would wish to find it, is the thing to know in relation with animals. Landseer, it is quite certain, great draughtsman, great humorist as he was, did not always keep to this point of honour. It pleased him to write legends around animals, and, with a certain slyness, to introduce expression here and there which bordered upon the human. It was a mistake, of course, but the thing was so immediately obvious that he achieved by it a tremendous success, which has not yet faded away. Such a trick, however, is disclaimed by Mr. Swan, and he reaps in consequence a far greater artistic triumph.

His animals, then, are painted with that life with which nature and not Mr. Swan has endowed them. That is the great point. Next, it is to be noted that Mr. Swan has caught his swift and fleeting subjects at moments when life is at its highest. His leopards are triumphs not only of verisimilitude, but also of gracefulness and of fine colour. When they crouch, you can see the life, as it were, informing the tense backs; when his lions and his tigers lie down, you are presented with the creatures in the reality of their supine indolence; when they walk, the suggestion of unconscious power and force is literally astonishing; they step with the softness of their race, yet with a hidden significance of muscle and of tremendous vitality that is even at times oppressive. The total number of these studies amounts to something over a hundred, and there is scarce an exception to their uniform excellence.

The commemoration address by the President of the Royal Society of British Artists on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the Society by Royal Charter has just been published (W. Clowes and Son), and it is a very interesting document to read. It is natural that Mr. Wyke Bayliss should speak of his Society with pride, and it is not astonishing that, to the outsider, his attitude appears as perhaps a trifle overdone. Still, the record that he has to tell is great enough. Take, for example, that of the last ten years alone. It began with the awards in the Fine Art Section of "the greatest of the International Exhibitions"—that of Paris in 1889. Of the hundred English artists who received medals, no less than fifty-five—and of gold medallists, no less than fifteen—were members or exhibitors of the Royal Society of British Artists. At this period also began "that splendid series of studies by Lord Leighton, seen nowhere else, and

revealing him in a new light." These began with the first sketch for the "Daphnephoria," and ended with one finished only a very brief period before his death. "They will live," said Mr. Wyke Bayliss, "as long as the name of Leighton is remembered," and that, in all probability, is true enough.

Continuing his record, Mr. Wyke Bayliss also points out that in this last decade the Galleries have been enriched by the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Sir John Gilbert, and—a matter of particular interest to all who keenly admired what was, alas! the promise rather than the perfection of this young artist—by a collection of the works of the late Cecil Lawson. It is interesting to note that Mr. Watts has been represented by many of his very best portraits, which included those of Lord Tennyson, Lord Salisbury, and William Morris. It will

not be amiss to note either that the works "by which Sir Edward Burne-Jones will be remembered in connection with these exhibitions are the magnificent series of studies for his paintings of 'The Briar-Rose.'" Finally, it must be recalled that the pictures by which Sir John Gilbert is permanently represented at the Guildhall were first seen at the galleries of the Society, where hung also the first paintings he ever exhibited. That is a pretty valuable series of facts, and one that does immense credit to this Society.

The most valuable part of Mr. Wyke Bayliss's address, however, was that in which he warned his public that the original *raison d'être* of the Society might possibly become a reason for its own extinction. "It was founded to remedy certain evils arising from too exclusive a system of centralisation. The Dragon it attacked, and has slain, is *clique*. But the danger of Dragon-slayers is that they are themselves apt to become Dragons." That is a word of really rare wisdom. "If the Society," said the President, "is to keep pace with the times, and meet its requirements, it must take account of the vast increase in the

army of skilled workers." Again, "if it was wrong in 1819 for the control of art to be altogether in the hands of a little charmed circle, it is equally wrong now."

The ribbon and chain which the Queen has permitted the President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours to wear, when attending levées and such occasions, was designed and executed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1894. It is made of gold, jewelled and enamelled. In the centre is a female figure, representing water-colour art, standing on a nautilus-shell, and the background consists of emblematical work, with a monogram of her Majesty surmounted by a royal crown.

Pierrot is in the fashion, and Beardsleyism is a cult. Thus, the dramatic fantasy entitled "The Pierrot of the Minute," which Mr. Ernest Dowson has written, and which Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has illustrated for Mr. Leonard Smithers, the publisher, will find its admirers. The story is pretty, and Mr. Beardsley has managed for once to eliminate some of the features which often give his work so disagreeable a taint. Collectors of Beardsley art will add this specimen to their treasures, even if the subject-matter he illustrates does not interest them particularly.



SIR CHARLES SARGENT.—SIR ARTHUR CLAY, BART.

MR. JUSTICE KEKEWICH ON ART JOURNALISM.

BY AN ART EDITOR.

A certain Mr. Smith had brought an action, it would seem, against the *Idler* for damages because the editor of that magazine had published a photograph of his picture. Mr. Smith had himself sent the photograph to the *Idler* office, but, according to his evidence, he had only sent it there as a sample of his work, and, under another cover, he had sent a letter applying for employment. His letter, which had been put on one side, said nothing about the photograph, and upon the photograph was written "To the Art Editor of the *Idler*, with the Artist's compliments." For the publication of this picture the *Idler* has been condemned by Mr. Justice Kekewich to pay twenty-five pounds and costs—perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds altogether. Further than that, the Judge asserted, in bullying tones, that he should give the witness a piece of his mind who would venture to affirm that an editor was entitled to publish the photograph of a picture upon the mere circumstance that it had been sent to his office. But the picture had been sent "with the artist's compliments" to the editor; and at least a dozen editors of art publications could have been called to give evidence that custom and experience would have sanctioned the publication upon so obvious an invitation. It is quite possible to accept Mr. Smith's word that he did not mean his complimentary photograph in this sense, and at the same time to assert that nine artists out of ten would have meant it so. Mr. Edwin Bale, the Art Manager of Cassell and Co., gave evidence (as it seems to me, out of a singularly limited experience for a man who gloried in having been an art editor for twenty years) that there were artists at a particular time of the year—that is, the Royal Academy period—who asked to have their pictures reproduced in illustrated publications for nothing. I can assure Mr. Bale that, had he conducted an illustrated newspaper, he would know there are artists throughout the whole year who are eager for this gratuitous publication, that there is never a period of the year in which some one or other art exhibition is not open, and never a period when some young artists do not aspire to the glory of seeing their names in print in one or other illustrated paper. It is quite true that these same artists, when some measure of fame comes to them, do, not infrequently, turn round and scold their weaker brethren for being so foolish as to give something for nothing. But the young beginners are eager for the chance, all the same. Whether the artist intended it or not, common sense implies that a photograph of a picture, with friendly inscription addressed to an art editor, does indicate a thirst for publication. This judgment of Mr. Justice Kekewich's, however, must make editors more cautious in future of the apparent aspirations of young artists.

The ignorance of everyone of the technical side of the case struck me as amazing. Several witnesses spoke of that half-tone process engraved block in the *Idler* as a "photogravure," and it was maintained that the publication of this so-called photogravure seriously interfered with the projected publication of three hundred eight-guinea plates of the same picture. That is a position which has a great deal of support from the print publishers, although, as against this view, I personally have known an expensive etching arranged for upon the strength of the publicity given to an artist by a small newspaper reproduction. But, while that question is debatable, I had scarcely thought it possible to contend that a small half-tone block, like a page of the *Idler*, was more mischievous to the possible sale of an expensive photogravure or mezzotint than a double-page engraving in the *Graphic*. It would seem that Mr. Smith had sold to the *Graphic* the right to reproduce his picture as a double-page engraving. The *Graphic* had done its work well. They had had a beautiful engraving made—an engraving which must have cost them fifty or sixty pounds—more, in fact, than the photogravure plate would have cost its producers. And yet it was seriously contended by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and other witnesses that the *Graphic* engraving was less injurious to the prospective sale of the photogravure than the small *Idler* reproduction. A copy of the *Idler* reproduction was handed round in Court, and no one seemed to realise that, wherever artistic people are gathered together, a beautiful engraving is infinitely more prized than a rather common and indifferently printed process-picture. Mr. Dicksee pointed out to the Judge, who welcomed it as a brilliant discovery, that the publication of a picture lessened the value of the original. Millais' "Bubbles," he said, had been cheapened by the advertiser. I doubt this very much. I imagine that the mezzotint of "Bubbles" sells for as much as ever it did, in spite of the fact that the picture was reproduced by thousands in the *Illustrated London News*, and by further thousands through Messrs. Pears. It is certain that the original has not declined in price. And, in any case, it is not fair to compare a picture which has fallen into the hands of the manufacturers of soap with a picture which has appeared in small form in a shilling magazine. Moreover, the circulation of the *Graphic* is very much larger than that of the *Idler*.

Finally, I hope that Mr. Justice Kekewich, before he undertakes to adjudicate upon another copyright case, will endeavour to make himself acquainted with a few of the customary practices of the world of art journalism. Nothing that I can say is likely to disturb the excellent opinion which he holds of the intelligence of the Judge in "Chancery Court No. IV.," but it is quite clear to my mind that his decision was entirely wrong. Unhappily, it has to guide the action of editors in the future, and there is no more to be said.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

We never know from week to week how the chaos called foreign politics is about to shape itself, and possibly the European Concert will have changed its key and time, and be playing the "Pyrrhic Dance" instead of the "Turkish Patrol" by the time these lines appear in print. But in all probability the state of things will be as usual, only worse; Turk and Greek glaring over the frontier, and Cretans of all denominations slinking out of range of the ships to cut each other's throats in peace and quietness, as has been the Cretan custom from all time. In such circumstances a heroic remedy is necessary, and some such remedy has been suggested to me by a friend.

The method of cure is simple and already well known and much practised. It is familiar to all frequenters of charity bazaars. When any gifted amateur has devised some highly expensive and elaborately useless piece of fancy-work, and no one dares to pay the price set on it, the charitable souls who organise the bazaar generally raffle the object, or make it the prize of a lottery. Some of the more strait-laced of the charitable say that raffles are wrong, for the person who subscribes to a lottery is gambling. But this contention is unsound. The person who comes to a charity bazaar does so with the intention of spending a certain amount of money on articles that he does not want, in order that the charity may benefit by the exorbitant prices he pays. Hence, if you offer him the chance of getting rid of his money, and not having to carry anything away for it, he will naturally jump at the opportunity. The winner of a charity raffle is pleased by getting more than his money's worth; the losers are contented to have given their modest contributions towards the charity without being littered up with fancy trash.

Why should not the raffle be applied to the Turkish Question? There are six Great Powers, and each could find, say, half-a-million for the expenses of organising Turkey into new States. Then, the Sultan and his partisans having been compensated or otherwise extinguished by the fund subscribed, the Turkish Empire might be divided into three prizes—First Prize, Constantinople and the coasts of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, and Dardanelles; Second Prize, Asia Minor; Third Prize, Macedonia, Albania, and the Islands. The non-prize-winners to receive their contributions back, and, say, a million each from the prize-winners. The tickets would be shuffled by the President of the United States, and drawn by the Kings of Sweden and Siam. What could be more satisfactory?

The result of the drawing could not fail to revolutionise European diplomacy in an altogether startling way. How delightful it would be if Germany acquired Constantinople, and the Universal Wilhelm set up a Court on the true Byzantine model! How sweet if France took Asia Minor, and proceeded to enroach upon the Kaiser's new acquisition! How altogether delightful if we had the Isles of Greece, and could chuck them to anybody who cared to raid them! It is good to be philanthropic on the cheap. If we cared to spend some money, I have very little doubt that the Sultan would, even now, take a couple of millions sterling for Crete. Why don't our Trafalgar Squarers start a subscription?

But the raffle method would, I am assured, be the cheapest and most interesting. It is also historical. There are plenty of cases of determining by lot in Old and New Testaments, and, if we seek for profane precedents, did not the descendants of Heracles partition out the Peloponnesus by drawing lots? To be sure, the Spartans always said that one of the chiefs cheated, and got the fertile land of Messenia for himself; so in course of time they remedied the injustice by conquering Messenia themselves, keeping their own share as well. And very probably we should have similar rectifications after the raffle of the Turkish Empire. But it would be a glorious gamble—no, not gamble, for the Powers would not be staking anything.

And the subsequent history of the partition would serve as a beautiful object-lesson in the laws of international affairs. Given the Powers and the Turkish Empire, let politicians and historians draw up and deposit in a safe place their forecasts of the probable course of events after any given division of the prizes. A sum of, say, fifty thousand pounds might be set aside to accumulate for twenty years, the total to be given to the seer who had most nearly anticipated the actual events of those twenty years. By this means we should be able to determine whether History is or is not a science.

Speaking of gambling, it will be curious to note the future developments of the recent betting case. The petty betting at street-corners and in obscure clubs and shops is the most hurtful variety. It is already illegal, and is frequently punished; the business of the regular and known "bookie" is comparatively harmless. The chief aim of legislation should be to prevent the inexperienced from being drawn into gambling; those who know how to gamble already, and want to gamble, will gamble in spite of all the laws that were ever made.

And if our bookies are to be cut off, what will become of our racing prophets? and what then will become of our newspapers—our Radical papers, too?

Oh, Captain Coe!
When bookies have gone under,
Will all thy tips and latest snips
Preserve the *Star*, I wonder?

MARMITON.



*To tell you what she thinks
Is a puzzle to a man;
For the sex has been a sphinx
Since this wicked world began.*



*When her ladyship gets weary of her partners in the dance,
She blooms amid the "wallflowers" at the door;
Her dreams are sentimental, and she pictures some romance
For the merry pairs of waltzers on the floor.*

"TESS" AS A PLAY.

Flashlight Photographs by J. Byron, New York.

The production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on March 2 was a success from every point of view. Following so soon as it does upon the "Trilby" era in America, this new play shows once more the close union in literary and dramatic matters which exists between ourselves and our transatlantic cousins. "Trilby" owed its success very largely to early appreciation by the American public; it was published and dramatised for them, and to an American actor, Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, is due the dramatisation of "Tess." His task has been no easy one. "Tess" is by no means a novel of incident; it is more a subtle analysis of character, of the interaction of human souls, of the moulding of character by the world outside us, and much of the force of the book comes from little side comments, which Mr. Hardy's art has taught him to make so unobtrusive as to be doubly telling.

This has to be left out in the play, or compensated for by equivalent dramatic situations. The first act is very much compressed; by the end of it we have been introduced to the Durbeyfield family, and the life at Talbothays, where Tess is trying to forget her earlier misfortune. We have shown us, in brief, the courtship of Tess and Angel Clare. Tess writes the confession, and places it with a rose on a window-sill, telling Angel to take what he finds there, and, if he still loves her, to come to her and say nothing. Tess's mother abstracts the letter; the secret is unrevealed, and they are married. In the second act, Tess, newly wed, tries the effect of her married name on paper, which leads Angel to say, "How strange! I have never seen your handwriting before." By this simple stage-device the confession,

which is a most striking scene, is naturally led up to, and the act closes with their separation.

Then we have a picture of Tess's fight against her destiny, while Angel is away in Brazil, and another divergence from the book is seen in the important part assigned to Marian, who is now the confederate of Alec in making Tess believe that Angel Clare is dead. Finally, Tess



The three dairymaids—Retty (Miss Nellie Lingard), Marian (Miss Annie Irish), and Izz (Miss Bijou Fernandez)—listening to Angel Clare playing on the harp.

yields to Alec, partly deceived by him and partly for the sake of her little brother and sister. In the fourth act Tess and Alec are together; the latter's character is largely developed from that in the novel. He is more fascinating, less *bête*, and his hold on Tess is thereby rendered more excusable. In this act he is frankly brutal, and it is with a sense of relief that one greets the return of Angel Clare, the slaying of the debauchee, and Tess's flight with her husband. The play closes with a short tableau representing the weird scene at Stonehenge, where, as the dawn is breaking, the fugitives are surrounded by the sleuth-hounds of justice, and Tess stands like a statue confronting them, resigned to her fate.

The play, as will be seen, differs in several details from the novel. The incident of the letter is changed to a more dramatic form, but the change does no violence to the characters of the book; for the retention of the letter is quite in keeping with Mrs. Durbeyfield's desire that her daughter should marry "a gentleman." Perhaps the chief drawback of the play is that the third act does not make Tess's second fall sufficiently natural, a defect due to the fact that no play could bring out convincingly the strain of increasing hardships and the weariness of waiting, made so real in the novel. The cast is a very strong one, and several successes were achieved, notably by Mr. Charles Coghlan as Alec D'Urberville and Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in the title rôle.



Alec D'Urberville (Mr. Charles Coghlan) visits the old Durbeyfields (Mr. John Jack and Mrs. Mary Barker).

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," IN NEW YORK.

Flashlight Photographs by J. Byron, New York.



The rustics on Crick's dairy-farm.



Tess and the dairymaids before the wedding.

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," IN NEW YORK.

Flashlight Photographs by J. Byron, New York.



The old Durbeyfields, 'Liza Lu (Miss Edith Wright), and Abraham Durbeyfield (Miss Alice Pierce) festive over Tess's wedding.



The Durbeyfields reduced to poverty after the death of Sir John. Alec D'Urberville, who has secured a writ of dispossession, offers Tess the chance of self-surrender to save her family.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TWO FLATS.

BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

He had a flat, and she had a flat. It was about flats they began to talk when first they met.

Said he, "Mine is the most convenient little place——"

"Oh, so is mine," said she.

"I have a charming sitting-room and a little dining-room; my own bedroom is quite a regal apartment, and I have a little den where I can always put a fellow up."

"I have three bedrooms," quoth she.

"But *not* a bath-room," he said firmly. "Now, I——"

"But I *have* a bath-room—a beauty. Heaps of hot water."

"Mine has a shower-bath."

"I can't say I care about a shower-bath."

"Ah!" said he. It was evident that he pitied her for her shower-bathless abode. He scored one.

"I have a lift," she said triumphantly.

"Noisy," said he.

"Mine is not noisy," she said, and unconsciously she rolled up a bread-pellet in her fingers and laid it beside her on the table. The scoring should be quite fair.

She became gracious. She said, "You must come and see my flat. I am always at home on Sundays."

"Thank you," he said, and he was brutal enough to add, "It is a *little* out of the way for me, of course." His hand wandered towards his dinner-roll.

"Of course it is," she rejoined sweetly, "but you must come into the regions of civilisation sometimes."

A second pellet was in course of construction, when the hostess bowed, and she sailed out of the room, her train a yard behind her and a splendid smile upon her lips.

"Good-night," she said, a little later; "I shall expect you some Sunday."

And he went.

The porter kept him waiting some minutes in the hall.

"Abominably managed place."

"Very draughty," he remarked, settling himself down into his coat as the lift bore him upwards.

"Faith it is, sorr," said the porter, being Irish.

He decided it would be objectionable to have a man with an accent like that about the house.

He groped with aggressive caution in the passage, when the maid had admitted him, and knocked over an umbrella loudly.

His smile was beautiful and bland as he entered her drawing-room.

"I am so sorry to enter in such a noisy fashion," he said; "but it's so dark in your passage that I could see nothing, and I'm afraid I have knocked over a lot of things."

"We have the electric-light," she replied sharply. "Why was it not turned on?"

"Perhaps something has gone wrong with it," he said kindly. "These electric-lights are not quite dependable. I always use old-fashioned lamps myself."

"Awfully niffy, aren't they?" she said, laughing, and holding her nose.

"Not if they are managed properly," he replied, with a somewhat superior air.

He liked her wall-paper—"Oh, yes, it is very nice. What a pity there are French windows—so very cold."

"But airy. I like air."

"I think I could give you a hint about your mantelpiece," he said presently. "If you saw mine; it's——"

"But I haven't seen yours, you see, and at present I am quite pleased with my own." The atmosphere was charged with war.

He planned a little dinner, with the theatre afterwards. She must see his flat. Her aunt should chaperon her, and he would ask Heathcote—she knew Heathcote; he was at the dinner the other night—to make a fourth. "My dining-room is only a slip of a room——"

"Ah, you should see mine!" she cried ungratefully.

She took him along the passage (now lit), and flung open the dining-room door.

"Very hot in summer-time, I'm afraid," he said doubtfully.

"And warm in winter."

She showed him her little dodge for summoning her parlour-maid without getting up from the table; her oak sideboard—picked up, a great bargain, at a country sale ("Some little bits of it really are genuine," he said); her new blinds, her book-shelves, her escritoire with the funny little drawers.

His whole air said, "Wait till Wednesday." Wednesday was the day she was to dine with him.

"Oh, I wish I could show him the bedrooms," she thought. "My own dressing-table and the spare-bedroom carpet would, *must* impress him. But perhaps he would think it odd."

"What I like about *my* flat," he said, walking down the passage again, and sniffing slightly, "is the little hall. I have a little hall with a sky-light, and it makes the whole place so light and airy."

"Rather a waste of room, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! I use it as a smoking-room."

"Every room must smell of tobacco," she said, bidding him good-bye. "So draughty, too!"

"But one doesn't bark one's shins in it," he said, smiling, and knocking over the umbrella again.

She said to herself, with religious fervour, "Oh, I *will* be nasty about his things on Wednesday!"

But her aunt spoilt it all. Her aunt was prepared to be pleased with everything. Her aunt had no tact. She admired his room (where they left their cloaks), his hall, his lamps, even his horrid little dining-room; while her niece wrung her hands and writhed.

"I really believe," said the aunt good-naturedly, "I really believe I like this flat better than my niece's."

"I couldn't *live* in such a place!" cried her niece wildly, and Mr. Heathcote stared.

His triumph disposed of him kindly towards her. He came often to her flat. He once admired her ceilings. He said the dining-room was sunny. He proposed. She accepted him. And they forgot all their quarrels, and became sentimental at once.

"The flat *has* felt a little lonely sometimes," she admitted. "But now!" She gave him a fond look.

"My sitting-room just wants a woman's touch," he said. And it was an enormous concession to make. "But now, sweetest, it will be perfect."

"You will be able to hang all my pictures," she went on. "I have always had an upholsterer to do it before."

"And you shall hold the nails, darling."

"You will be able to fuss about the hot-water pipes when they go wrong," she said. And, as she added up his occupations, she was delighted to find that even a man has his uses.

"My hot-water pipes do not go wrong," he said superbly.

"But mine do."

"When you come to my home, love——"

"When you come to mine."

"I do not think you can seriously suppose, dearest, that it would not be more fitting that my flat should now be our joint home."

"My dear boy, it would not hold us!"

"It will hold us admirably; the small bedroom shall be my dressing-room, and the hall—well, you know, the hall can be *anything*."

"My dining-room will dine ten people: what should we——"

"Mine is a cosy little place for two."

"But the extra bedroom, dear, and the electric-light."

"A woman must give up even the electric-light and cling to her husband."

"Oh, I won't!" she said—"I won't!"

Thus they parted.

There are two charmingly furnished flats still occupied by two separate owners. One is on the Cadogan Estate, and one is near Portman Square. Neither of them is to be let. A house-agent who lived near one of them asked, with a smile, if he might put this one on his list. But he was told, with withering scorn, that, had it been to let, he would have been given notice in due form—so far, the flat suited its present owner admirably.

This is the story of the two flats, as far as it can be told at present.

DAY AND NIGHT.

The sun spread wide his molten wings that blind,
And blue and boundless was his living day,
The earth ran forth to greet the darling May,
And profuse flowers droop'd gently with the wind.

But love that was my sun, potent and kind,
Love that had burnt me with his noontide ray,
Love waned . . . And as the spent sun sank away,
The floating moon with fear smote all my mind.

From the far sun she borrowed her pale light,
The moon's pale light was water-wan and chill;
And if a cloud hid her humilities,
Love was twice veiled within the veil of night;
Of exile surely he has ta'en his fill,
Turn, O thou Earth, and bid the sun arise.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE MODERN GRACES.

Don't you know the Trio Tricky,

With the oscillatious kucky

Which are always to be witnessa in the halls?

Though their dance is far from dainty,

And their lips are rather painty,

Yet they fascinate the Johnnie in the stalls.

And these three gyrating Graces,

With their flounces and their laces,

Never blush to give a fine display of hose;

'Tis for them the Johnnies slip in,

And describe the maids as "rippin',"

And they know him by his collar and his rose.



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: No. 2.—THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.



"WHAN THAT APRILLE WITH HIS SCHOWRES SWOOTE."

CURTAIN COMMENTARIES OF A MRS. CAUDLE.*

There are many people in this world of ours who have no desire to see a bowdlerised or expurgated edition of the Bible. It is true that chapters occur here and there that prove awkward in households where the Bible is read aloud in orderly progression throughout the year, chapters that have to be omitted in public, and which are, therefore, sure to be committed in private by the young and curious. Nor, perhaps, is this an evil, for those that walk in the highways and byways of life must be prepared to take the clean roads with the muddy streets, and on those roads and streets, sooner or later, everyone must go, and none are more liable to be splashed and soiled than beings carefully nurtured in an atmosphere of innocent ignorance. "The Woman's Bible" is, however, an expurgated edition, an edition in which all the questionable passages have been retained, and from which all the wholesome, manly parts have been swept away in order that Mrs. Stanton may have room to air her grievances and paint what she is pleased to call the blackest page in the history of civilisation, the oppression of woman. Mrs. Stanton has had the misfortune to share deeply in the heritage of Ishmael. Her hand is not only against every man, be he priest, preacher, layman, or statesman, but against those of her own sex who are content, as she puts it, to remain subservient to the sway of arrogant masculinity. Mrs. Stanton is head and front of the committee of dames that has undertaken to issue this revised edition of the Bible, and evidently lively meetings are held at times. Some co-members are occasionally bold enough, as we learn in the introduction, to recommend reverence to her in dealing with the Scriptures; but she waves their advice aside, and where they are content to see divine allegory she can only see barbaric history.

If our daughters are to be educated from "The Woman's Bible," the life of man on earth is hardly worth a year's purchase. The Pentateuch, if we are to believe Mrs. Stanton, is the source of all woman's present troubles. It is there that man has found authority for the eternal persecution and oppression of his helpmate. It is upon those opening books of the Bible, it seems, that man bases his right to subjugate woman, to deprive her of independence, to take her name from her and force his own in its place, to tax her and give her no representation, to make her obey laws that were made without her leave, to wheedle and deceive her by his divine rights, and persistently refuse her an equal civil and social status. The indictment almost makes one blush to be a man. Only it is to be feared that Mrs. Stanton over-estimates the influence of the Pentateuch in determining the status of women in civilisation; the Pentateuch has no more power to fix the position of women than the Ten Commandments have to make people honest. Whether the Bible said so or not, we must be honest or give up civilisation; and whatever the Bible may say, the status of women must remain very much what it is, for no other condition is possible for her in the present arrangement of private and public affairs. Status can be determined neither by Holy Writ nor by Act of Parliament; it is exactly what the individual or individuals can make it. Woman's present status, civil and social, as Mrs. Stanton would say, is not fixed by any caprice of man; she occupies the position found to be most profitable to the race in the economy of civilisation.

Perhaps there has been no greater delusion in this generation than the belief in education as a power to alter human nature. We are pretty much what we are born. It is no good flying in the face of Providence, and refusing to accept the sex of our mind, which is as well determined as the sex of our body; but that is just what the New Woman in general, and Mrs. Stanton in particular, has been doing. It is not a matter of more brains or less, of better or worse, as a distinction between man and woman; many women have been endowed with more brains and ability than some men; but, in the great mass of men and women, the sexual difference is so well marked that nothing less than the miraculous creation of a hermaphroditic world can bring about equality of the sexes and what Mrs. Stanton calls "the emancipation of woman." In a material world such as ours, with its many limitations, we must accept the gifts Nature gives us, and pray that she may make the mistake as seldom as possible of mixing up two sexes in one body. There are men with effeminate minds who drudge through the world at ordinary masculine pursuits, feeling themselves to be pretenders, and with the lifelong wish to indulge in domestic duties. They are sports, and their counterparts are the shrill-voiced New Women. Laws cannot be framed for such exceptions, and no education in the world will overcome the natural difference between the two sexes. Woman is handicapped from the very beginning, and the comparatively few who find it necessary to earn their livelihoods by their brains before settling down to what Mrs. Stanton calls their "home sphere," ought to have, not equal, but increased opportunities placed before them. Most people will willingly concede that amount, and most people will also agree with Mrs. Stanton that, in moral delinquencies, women are, with great injustice, judged more severely than men. But when she demands women to be tried in courts of law by a jury of her peers, when she objects to the inferior value put upon animals of the female sex for sacrifice, when she expatiates on the superior wisdom and sex of Balaam's ass, one almost believes that the day has hardly yet come for universal female suffrage.

Mrs. Stanton's language frequently smacks of the American political platform. "Priestly power," she writes, "blocks the way, more than all other influences combined, of the movement for women's emancipation." If women are to turn theologians, we may look out for lively times.

SOME STRANGE BIRDS.

The Zoological Society have been more fortunate in obtaining examples of the crane family than in preserving them; but the truth is, peculiar difficulties attend the keeping of these birds in captivity, and in the limited space available in the Regent's Park Gardens it is not possible to create conditions at all nearly approximating to those under which they live in a state of nature.

Of the Crowned or Kaffir Crane (*Balearica chrysopelargus*) the Society have had several examples since 1884, when it was first represented in the menagerie; it is a striking bird, nearly four feet in height, and pale grey in colour; the naked white cheek-patches edged with crimson and the crest of yellow bristles arrest attention at once. That crest, by the way, is an object of desire among the natives of South and East Africa, who seek the bird for no other purpose than to procure the tuft of yellow webless feathers wherewith to adorn their own heads. Not only in this country are aigrettes fashionable. The Crowned Crane is found singly, in pairs, and in small flocks, sometimes associating with the Stanley or Paradise Crane in the vast areas of swampy ground where it finds a livelihood. The bird's domestic arrangements are uncomfortable from the human point of view; like other ground-building cranes, it selects a neuralgic site on marshy land, and constructs a conical mound of rushes, or long, rank grass, sometimes ankle-deep in water. In a slight depression on this mound it lays a couple of dirty-white eggs and rears its young. Mr. Buckley, writing of the birds of Matabeleland, says he once found a large nest floating on the water; but, as a regular rule, the Crowned Crane prefers a nest of more stability. The Stanley Crane (*grus Paradisca*) is peculiar to South Africa, where it is familiarly known as the Blue Crane. This is a very beautiful bird, with its soft leaden-blue plumage and wonderful development of tail and wing feathers. These in the adult are so long that they trail on the ground, and one marvels why a bird which spends the better part of its existence stalking about in marsh or in the river-shallows should be endowed with plumage which can only become draggled and dirty. A singular habit is attributed to this crane: it is fond of roosting, if the word be not misused, knee-deep in water. The fact that an observer, quoted by Mr. Layard in his "Birds of South Africa," has seen the Stanley Crane frozen into the ice in winter does nothing to increase our respect for its intelligence. It is a remarkably shy and wary bird, but, curiously enough, if taken from the nest, is easily and completely tamed. The Stanley Crane was first brought to this country in 1825 by its discoverer, Baron Stanley, and was "described" in the *Zoological Journal* by a Mr. Vigors, who saw it in the menagerie which in those days existed in the Tower of London. The Zoological Society have owned two examples; the last, purchased in 1894, is dead.

Plainest among the large wading birds is the Adjutant (*Leptoptilus argala*), found both in India and Africa. Nature seems to have designed him in an experimental mood, and, disgusted with her handiwork, to have turned him out unfinished. "Take him away," I can imagine her saying; "I can't make a presentable job of a bird with a beak like a pickaxe and an eye like a haddock's; I won't have anything more to do with him, and don't care if he has got a bald head. I shan't waste another feather on such a creature; so take him and make him a scavenger—it's all he is good for." And a scavenger the Adjutant became—a useful and highly respected but depressingly ugly public servant. The young Adjutant, just launched in life, is repulsively ugly, and the melancholy gravity of his demeanour suggests that he has seen himself mirrored in some still pool, and the revelation is weighing upon his mind. As he grows older, however, and begins to take a more lively interest in dead rats and garbage, the effects of the shock to his vanity pass away. He becomes jaunty—nay, frivolous—and in sheer lightness of heart attends dancing-parties on the mud slopes of the Hooghly, where he ducks and bows and kicks and serapes, with half-distended wings, to the admiration of the Miss Adjutants. All the cranes and storks are great dancers, and in the early pairing season you may see really graceful terpsichorean performances in the paddocks at the "Zoo." An elderly Adjutant practising his steps all by himself is a spectacle the sympathetic observer can hardly regard without mingled laughter and tears. He is so awkward, so ungainly, yet so cheerfully earnest about it; you are sorry for the deluded bird, and yet cannot refrain from hoping that the heart of the hen Adjutant will be moved by the pathetic display of ineptitude.

The pelicans, of which there are so many species, are distributed over the tropical and temperate worlds, old and new. The Zoological Society have possessed representatives of eight species at various times. That whose portrait appears is the European, or White Pelican, common in parts of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Turkey, and at a not very remote period plentiful in the fens of Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. It is a curious sight to see a flock of pelicans fishing. Selecting a lagoon or water-logged rice-land whose bottom is within reach of their long bills, the birds form up in a line or crescent, and, with heads below the surface, systematically "beat" the water from one side to the other, collecting fish and other eatables in the elastic pouch of the lower mandible. They appear to retain their "bag" in the pouch and devour it at leisure when they reach shore. The hen bird's method of feeding her young from the pouch is well known. A flight of pelicans is a wonderful sight. Awkward on the ground, their powerful wings give them every advantage in the air, and when changing their feeding-ground, or making a short journey, they fly low and at great speed. Pelicans in flight are recognisable from a long distance, as they carry the neck and head like the letter "S," not outstretched after the manner of other birds. The weight of the great pouched bill perhaps explains this carriage of head.

* "The Woman's Bible." Part I. Comments on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. By Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Other Ladies of the Revising Committee. London: Sidney L. Gill.

SOME STRANGE BIRDS.

Photographs by Dixon, Albany Street, W.



THE CROWNED CRANE.



THE STANLEY CRANE.



THE PELICAN.



THE ADJUTANT.

MR. LOUIS CALVERT.

Photographs by Guttenberg, Manchester.

Mr. Louis Calvert's Manchester revival of "Antony and Cleopatra" has added considerably to his prestige as a manager. The "legitimate"—which musical farce, to the dismay of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, has driven



ANTONY (MR. LOUIS CALVERT).

"I am so late in the world that I have lost my way for ever."

out of London—is in Mr. Calvert's blood, for he comes of a good old theatrical stock, how good we have seen recently in the admirable acting of his mother as the hypochondriacal housekeeper in "The White Elephant," and as the distrustful mother-in-law of the present Comedy bill. His father, the late Charles Calvert, did much to keep the torch of the "legitimate" alight with his tasteful and, in many cases, elaborate revivals of Shaksperian plays at Manchester; but, like many fond parents, old Mr. Calvert had a strong objection to the following of his sons in his own footsteps. Even when, one after another, they succeeded in winning his permission to take to the boards, he bargained that they should appear under assumed names until they had given proof of the dramatic virtue that was in them. For Mr. Louis Calvert, though now the most distinguished of his father's sons, was not the only one to inherit his love of the theatre. One of his brothers, Mr. William Calvert, has frequently been a prominent member of Mr. Edward Terry's company, and is now well known in the provinces as manager and leading actor of the Cowper-Calvert Company, of which his wife, Miss Clara Cowper, is the bright particular star. Another of the brothers, Mr. Leonard Calvert, is also a very capable actor.

Mr. Louis Calvert tells you, half apologetically, that he may claim to have lisped in blank verse, for almost before he could read he used to learn the parts his parents were playing, and on the nursery table pour them forth with great gesticulation. His father, however, sent him to sea, and for four years he was a British bluejacket. But he always had a hankering after the footlights, and while yet in his teens he gathered a company of amateurs around him at the Cape, and, persuading the manager of a shut-up theatre to open the doors, gave his first performance. Subsequently he played a good deal in Australia, and, coming back to England, commenced legitimate work—his life-work—in real earnest. He toured with Mr. John Dewhurst, with Miss Wallis, and with Mr. George Rignold

in "Henry V.," which is once more to be restored to the stage by Mr. F. R. Benson at the forthcoming Shakspeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. Ten years ago he played for a season at the Lyceum, in minor parts, but his ambition soon took him back to the greater rôles in which provincial playgoers were ready to welcome him. Other tours with Mrs. Langtry in America and with Miss Fortescue in the English provinces brought him to the day when he organised his own company, and proceeded to "star" the country with a repertoire including "Proof," "Richelieu," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Robbery of the Mail" ("The Lyons Mail" with a difference), and certain Shaksperian plays.

It is interesting to recall the fact that Miss May Harvey, who has lately won golden opinions by her clever performances in comedy on tour with Mr. John Hare, was at this time Mr. Calvert's leading lady in a series of strongly emotional parts, another proof, if any such were needed, of the value of a "legitimate" training. Mr. Calvert and Miss Harvey were also seen, if I mistake not, in Browning's noble dramatic poem, "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" at Manchester some time back. More recently Mr. Calvert's company has included his wife, an actress of considerable talent, who made her début at Drury Lane, under the Chatterton management, in a version of "Les Misérables," as Fantine, to the Valjean of Charles Dillon, and since then has covered a remarkably wide range of parts, from Kate Hardcastle and Celia to Helen in the Gaiety burlesque "Robbing Roy." On the stage Mrs. Calvert bears a strong resemblance to the late Miss Litton, whom she once replaced, as understudy, without the audience being any the wiser. Three years ago Mr. Calvert engaged an understudy for his own tour, and accepted a special engagement to play Brutus to the Mark Antony of Mr. F. R. Benson in that manager's fine revival of "Julius Caesar," in a number of the larger towns of the kingdom, an experience to which he refers with especial pleasure.

Mindful of Mr. Louis Calvert's devotion to the "legitimate" drama generally, and interested, more particularly, in his spirited revivals of "Henry IV., Part I." and "Antony and Cleopatra," I asked him the other day (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) how many Shaksperian characters he could claim to have embodied.

"Well," said Mr. Calvert, "let me see. Perhaps I can enumerate the rôles I have taken"—and then began a repertoire of immortal characters that made my pencil stagger.

"Pardon me," I protested faintly, "but my editor only allows me a limited space! Could you kindly permit me to say that you have played all Shakspeare, every character you know, barring a few of the Merry Wives and Juliet, and—?"

"No, no, no; have pity, I pray you!" and then followed the roll-call of the characters he had not personified, but means to take up in future.

"You have a large following in the provinces, Mr. Calvert, I believe?"

"Well, I cannot talk of my own popularity; but I am particularly fond of visiting some of our big towns, notably Dublin. I would rather play to a Dublin house than in any theatre in the kingdom, saving, of course, the London stage, success on which as a Shaksperian actor is the acme of my ambition."

"But do you think the public taste for the Shaksperian drama is developing or is it retrograding?"

"Developing, developing, and rapidly, too, especially in the provinces. There is a strong movement in London, also, towards the higher art."



CLEOPATRA (MISS JANET ACHURCH).

"Give me to drink mandragora, that I might sleep out this great gap of time my Antony is away."

Your great Irving, with whom my father was much associated in the old Manchester days, has stood alone for years as the exponent of Shakspeare in the metropolis; but now your younger men are studying the greatest dramatist of all time, and I take it that, with successful Shaksperian revivals at more than one London theatre within the



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"I go from hence, thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war, as thou affect'st."

last year or two, the tide of the centre city of the world has set in the direction of Stratford-on-Avon and the rarefied atmosphere of the poetic drama.

"What do I think of Mr. Tree? Ah! you gave me a broad hint about limited space a little time ago, and I can assure you it would take me a long time to tell you all I think of Mr. Tree's achievements and prospects. Suffice it to say that, since I came into close contact with him in the arrangement and production of 'Henry IV.,' I can testify to his being as fine a man as he is an actor, and *vice versa*."

"What are your future plans, may I ask?" was my last question.

"Ah, well! I cannot tell. I am not a seer, but it will be Shakspeare, Shakspeare, Shakspeare. Good-bye."

"Not 'Good-bye,' Mr. Calvert; I hope to see you soon again at—at Her Majesty's."

THE HIGHLANDS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

Although this book was written by a sportsman, is reissued as one of a sporting series, and bears a title that appeals primarily if not exclusively to sportsmen, it has, as a matter of fact, interest for a much wider public than lovers of the gun, dog, and rod. It is a picture of life in out-of-the-way Highland districts as seen by an observant man of the world, and recorded by a capable diarist, in the latter quarter of the eighteenth century; and if its wealth of trivial detail aroused the ire of contemporary critics, time brings compensation in that the very minuteness which was irritatingly commonplace and dull then furnishes the strongest claim on our attention now. Colonel Thomas Thornton ("of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire," as the precise title-page has it) may be fairly regarded as the pioneer of that great northward migration movement which

every August taxes the resources of the railway companies. It is not, as the editor, Sir Herbert Maxwell, says, quite clear when the author made this "sporting tour" in Scotland, but he fixes the date at 1786. Whatever the year, there can be no doubt concerning the nature of the undertaking; a cold-weather shooting trip to the Central Provinces of India now would call for less foresight, organisation, and provision than did an excursion to the Scottish Highlands a hundred years ago.

Certainly Colonel Thornton "did himself" well. While he and his suite, including so modern a personage as a special artist, Mr. Garrard, performed the journey north on horseback and on wheels, a sloop had to be chartered to convey his goods from the Humber to Forres; these goods included, among other matters, "a portable kitchen" (stove?), three months' supplies of "hams, reindeer and other tongues, smoked beef, pigs' countenances, &c.," tents, nets of all kinds for fishing, six hawks—Colonel Thornton was a very keen and successful falconer—two brace of setters, three of pointers, and one deerhound; one rifle, two double-barrelled guns, and three single. It may be remarked that Colonel Thornton had no very good opinion of the double-barrel weapon. He says, when recording the fact of laying it by for the season: "I look upon all double-barrels as trifles—rather nicknacks than useful." Shooting with a flintlock on a windy day must have been a terrible trial of patience. "Not once in four times could the fire reach the powder, but was blown away, for the pans were so well contrived that the powder frequently was not blown away when the fire was." Those well-contrived pans were, no doubt, the kind with a hinged metal cover, which held the priming safe and dry till kicked open by the falling flint. Despite all drawbacks, the party enjoyed sport, particularly with their rods, calculated to make our mouths water; the daily bag made with gun, hawk, and rod gives a good idea of the game resources of the Highlands a century back, when shooting and fishing were to be had for the asking, or often without that formality.

Colonel Thornton did not like the country people; many Highlanders, he observes bitterly, have an idea that an Englishman is "a walking mint," and are not satisfied if given four times as much as a resident would pay for the same service. He was "much mortified by their want of generosity," and employed them as seldom as possible. In this complaint it appears to us the Colonel was not wholly reasonable; he travelled in princely style, and seems to have forgotten that princely behaviour in little matters would be expected of him. He had a pretty taste in wine and dinners, and is good enough to favour us with many of the menus he set before his friends, "a hodge-podge" leading the way with mechanical regularity.

Also had our author a very keen eye for female beauty. Now we find the candid man endeavouring to dispel the shyness of some young woman who has caught his fancy by "saluting" her; anon he is discoursing on the singular absence of women worthy of his admiration. Very human indeed is Colonel Thornton, and sometimes unconsciously humorous. He poses a good deal, of course, and quotes much more French than is absolutely necessary; but these mannerisms are part and parcel of the old-world style of his book, which is one that should be read by everybody interested in sport and in the social life of the period. There are some excellent coloured illustrations by Mr. Lodge; and those by Mr. Garrard, the artist who accompanied the Colonel, are, of course, reproduced.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"O, withered is the garland of the war, the soldier's pole is fall'n."

* "A Sporting Tour through the Northern Part of England and Great Part of the Highlands of Scotland." By Colonel T. Thornton (1804). London: Edward Arnold.

THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

XXIII.—BLACKIE AND SON, LIMITED.

The book-trade in Scotland was a plant of comparatively late growth, but it has flourished and multiplied exceedingly since the sixth decade of the eighteenth century, when Alexander Donaldson and John Bell, of Edinburgh, gave at once a lead to the trade of the United Kingdom and

a mighty impetus to the dissemination of knowledge by their issues of neat, cheap editions of popular works. Among the multifarious activities which have magnified Glasgow from a village to the Second City of the Empire, book-printing and publishing have grown to amazing dimensions. A decree of the Court of Session in 1735 debarred a new-comer from any concern in bookselling within the city of Glasgow, because the place was judged "too narrow for two booksellers at a time." John Blackie (born 1782), founder of the house which is now Blackie and Son, Limited, discovered that there was room for him in Glasgow, but also that the whole kingdom was not too wide for the scope of his enterprise. He became at once a disseminator through the country of carefully



MR. JOHN BLACKIE SENIOR,
FOUNDER OF THE FIRM.

chosen literature of the kind that in modern cant is called improving—*lucem libris disseminans*, as the motto of the firm has it. Bookshops were few in any but the larger towns. John Blackie and his contemporaries retailed their wares by the agency of colporteurs wherever they found an opening. It was a red-letter day in country town and village when the travelling bookman arrived on his periodical visit. He was newsman as well as trader, and brought to the remote district, whither even the weekly Press did not penetrate, brief abstract and chronicle of the time as well as books. If he were pressed for time, the colporteur had but to send round the bellman, and all the reading folk of the neighbourhood would flock to him in the inn, where he sat in state distributing parts of publications previously introduced, and receiving orders for forthcoming issues. Is not his story told by that entertaining amalgam of insight and vanity, Miller of East Lothian, in his "Latter Struggles," which is one of the curiosities of as well as an important document in the history of the trade?

John Blackie, who started business in 1809, passed safely through the "general distress" of the second decade of the century, when, as Miller pathetically remarks, there was "no money to spare for buying books." His agents gradually widened their circuits till his publications became known from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Family Bibles were one of his staples. Many of these "family registers" of births, deaths, and marriages, still cherished in old homes, and once valued testimony in courts of justice, bear the imprint of Blackie, Fullarton, and Co., as the firm was originally styled. One of the most notable of the firm's early publications was an edition of Dr. John Moore's "Zeluco," which is at least a name, even in the present day, to all readers of Burns. John Blackie junior (born 1805) became his father's sole partner in 1831, and the firm then broke fresh ground. The young publisher visited the Ettrick shepherd at his farm on the Yarrow, and secured the right to produce all his works. Hogg, however, saw only a portion of his "Winter Evening Tales" in proof; he died in 1835, the year before the first volume of the "Tales and Sketches" saw the light.

The firm had from the first a distinct bent to education. One of its earliest successes in this line was the sale of over twenty thousand copies of that once indispensable aid to the classical student, Adam's "Roman Antiquities," edited in 1833 by Dr. Boyd, Rector of Edinburgh High School, and illustrated with wood-engravings, printed in the pages, in a fashion that was deemed almost startlingly novel at the period. It was followed by Potter's "Grecian Antiquities," also edited by Dr. Boyd, and illustrated in a similar style. Education did not, however, monopolise the energies of the firm any more than it does now; when "Blackie and Son" stares every school-boy in the face on the title-page of his "Reader."

Nothing redounds so much to the credit of the firm as the conception and execution of that magnificent work, "The Land of Burns." D. O. Hill, R.S.A., was commissioned in 1834 to paint sixty pictures in oil of scenes associated with the life and writings of the poet, and gave four years to the task. The story of the acquisition for this work of portraits of Burns's friends is one of the romances of Burnsiana. John Irvine, A.R.S.A., painted Jessie Lewars and Margaret Chalmers from life. Mrs. Dunlop was dead, but her daughter, Mrs. Vans Agnew, a charming old Scotswoman, was known to be exceedingly like her mother, and was then about the age at which the poet's beloved but tickle friend corresponded with him. She sat to Irvine in her mother's clothes, and the result is the eminently characteristic portrait

which adorns "The Land of Burns." The likeness of the Earl of Glencairn was enlarged from a miniature painted on the eye-piece of a gold reading-glass no bigger than a crown-piece. Macleay drew "fair Burnet" from a miniature and a loose pencil sketch; and poor Giles, the Aberdeen Academician, copied "Tullochgorum" in blacklead pencil from an original portrait that belonged to Bishop Skinner. All these precious memorials were engraved for "The Land of Burns," of which publication was commenced in 1837 and completed in 1840. Dictionary and gazetteer making forms the next landmark in the history of "Blackies'."

So long ago as 1847-50 "Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary" issued from their press, and a noble publication it was justly deemed at the time, its three thousand-odd pages containing more than two thousand four hundred woodcut illustrations printed in the text. The new edition in four volumes, which Charles Annandale, LL.D., edited, and which was sent out in 1883, is familiar to and prized by all readers to-day. Simultaneously with "Ogilvie," Blackies' issued the "Cyclopædia of Agriculture, Practical and Scientific." And these were quickly followed by the "Imperial Gazetteer." Walter Graham Blackie, Ph.D., LL.D., second son of the founder, and present chairman of the company, edited the "Gazetteer," and was engaged in the task for about ten years. His younger brother Robert (who died last year) brought exceptional knowledge of art, of men, and of countries to the work of selecting and preparing the illustrations of both the "Dictionary" and the "Gazetteer." The labour involved in securing the seven hundred-odd views, costumes, maps, and plans printed in the text of the latter was enormous, and must have been performed with rare conscientiousness and skill, for every one of these was a distinct fact, and had to be hunted down in a wilderness of illustrated books of travel and topography. Photography was not then available for reproduction, and most of the illustrations were drawn on wood by artists in the British Museum, from references supplied by and under the supervision of Walter and Robert Blackie. Walter Blackie regulated the industry of an indoor staff, for whom a reference-library of three thousand books, in all European languages, was accumulated; and among the specialists who contributed to the "Gazetteer" from outside were W. D. Cooley, R. H. Major, of the Map Department, British Museum, and Sir Robert Schomburgk, discoverer of the Victoria Regia and known to fame as the delineator of the "Schomburgk Line." It was a long step from the "Imperial Family Bible" and Matthew Henry's Commentaries to works like these, but the evolution of Blackies' has followed strictly the lines laid down by the founder. Among comparatively recent publications of the firm are the "Modern Cyclopædia," the "Henry Irving Shakspeare," a finely illustrated and reliable standard work, a "History of the Scottish People," and many works on technical and scientific subjects.

About twenty years ago the production of educational, or rather, school, literature became a special branch of the firm's operations. Blackies' first undertook the publication of Vere Foster's writing and drawing-books. Then the "Comprehensive Readers" were issued, and made a great "hit," and they were followed by many others. "Readers," general and special, in geography, history, and science, have flowed in quick succession from the press at Villafield, near Glasgow Cathedral, and still the schools demand novelties, in the supply of which there is no halting. "The Warwick Shakspeare" and Professor Everett's "Deschanel" are among the works which the firm has produced to meet the needs of the secondary schoolmaster. The kindred department of prize-books has not been neglected. Blackies' list, as all good boys know, includes the names of G. A. Henty, George Macdonald, Manville Fenn, Baring-Gould, A. J. Church, Frankfort Moore, and Beatrice Harraden. That they maintain their hereditary interest in and correct appreciation of art is proved by the roll of artists who contribute to the adornment of their works, embracing as it does the names of W. Hatherell, R.I., Frank Brangwyn, Solomon, Caton Woodville, and Gordon Browne. John Blackie, founder, attained the age of ninety-two. His eldest son, John junior, died within a year of his father. Walter and Robert, being thus left to manage the business in the 'seventies, assumed as partners successively John Alexander Blackie and Walter Wilfrid Blackie, sons of Walter, and James Robertson Blackie, son of Robert, who all take an active part in the concerns of the firm, which seven years ago was turned into a limited liability company. Blackies' has been intimately associated with the making of Glasgow. John junior was Lord Provost of the City for three years. The present chairman of the company, Dr. W. G. Blackie, is Principal of St. Mungo's College, and a member of the Scottish Universities Commission, and is one of Glasgow's "grand old men."



DR. W. G. BLACKIE,
PRESENT CHAIRMAN OF THE FIRM.
Photo by Stuart, Glasgow.

"THE PHYSICIAN," AT THE CRITERION.

Dr. Lewin Carey, the fashionable London physician, had caught the "Disease of our time, of our society, of our civilisation—middle-age, disillusionment." He felt that his youth was gone, that his belief had gone, that he enjoyed nothing and believed in nothing—at least, this was the physician's diagnosis of his case; but the doctor who has himself for patient is in ill hands. The truth was that Carey really was suffering from the pangs of misprised love, and, though nearly fifty years old, was as big a fool as any love-sick youth. He even proposed to abandon his splendid practice and go microbe-hunting in India.

Lady Valerie Camville's card in a moment told him what was the matter. She was a striking woman, about thirty-three, with bright-red hair, large brown eyes with a merry twinkle, high forehead, rather large mouth with great expression, a face with beauty, intellectuality, and humour, without spirituality; wit had been given to her, and a deadly sense of humour, as well as overstrung nerves. She had come to say good-bye, to end definitely the intrigue which meant much to him, little to her. Why should she end it? Boredom—the memory of "that Sunday at Henley last year." The weather was no excuse in her eyes for that Sunday, since "no amount of British climate or British Sunday can excuse a man for treating a woman as if she had been married to him for a dozen years? He pleaded with her warmly not to abandon him, nor to cast off the love that had seemed life to him. "What is it you want?" he asked. "Is it love? I'll give you all I have to the last drain of my heart. Is it marriage? I'll face the disgrace with you, shelter you from it so far as I can." For Lady Valerie had a sort of husband practically non-existent.

His pleading was vain, for, with a friendly "Alas, poor dear! I must. Good-bye," she vanished, fancying that her butterfly love for him was over.

Luckily for Lewin Carey, his heart was tough, and the shock did not break, strain, or even harden it. Ten minutes after the blow it had begun to do

sentimental work again at the sight of Edana Hinde, a pretty girl not quite twenty, charmingly dressed, but a little countrified. She had come to consult the physician about her sweetheart, Walter Amphiel, the great temperance advocate, for the state of his health alarmed his betrothed, who, however, could not induce him to visit a doctor. She wanted Carey to come to Fontleas, near Buxton, and study his patient without warning him. Carey consented—he would have done anything that she asked.

Now, Amphiel was a kind of Jekyll and Hyde. At times he was an intensely zealous temperance orator, utterly sincere, and yet, after a while, the drink craving would grow so strong on him that he would do anything in order to get drink. When in his drinking bouts he stooped to other forms of vice. The habit came on him through a remorse that was not repentance. He had ruined a girl in the country, and she, after bringing the child of her shame to her father's house, drifted away into a career of sin. So he took to drink to still his conscience, and, when

his conscience forced itself to awaken, the drink habit had taken hold of him. Nobody knew, least of all poor Edana, of this fearful weakness; nobody knew of the story of his sin; when the drinking bouts were on he was in hiding abroad or in remote parts of our land.

This, then, was the man whom Carey had undertaken to save and cure, if human skill and care could be successful.

When the physician went to Fontleas to see his patient, of whom he knew nothing save from the guileless Edana, Amphiel was away in hiding, and Carey stayed on and on, nominally waiting for his patient, actually delighting himself in the society of the girl who seemed utterly unattainable. Lady Valerie came to see him, hoping to renew the intrigue; but she was disappointed. Why did she come? Perhaps jealousy; perhaps pique. She herself said, "I've had a horrible whiff of middle-age the last few weeks. I smell autumn; I scent it from afar."

Her appeal to him had a curious pathos: "Lewin, I've got another good ten years to be loved in, haven't I? At least five. Tell me the truth—no, don't—give me what love you have to give while I'm attractive and worth it, and then the moment I'm off colour—whit!—a flash of lightning or an opium pill, and have done with me."

Poor Lady Valerie went away in despair, flouted for the girl she called "a yard and three-quarters of white muslin." A few minutes after her departure Amphiel appeared, and Carey discovered that he was the Jekyll-and-Hyde man—the chaste temperance orator, the drunkard, debauchee. But the doctor was loyal to Edana, and determined to try and cure him.

Possibly, even when most virtuously unselfish, the doctor knew the inevitable end—knew that the cure was impossible, and that death must be the quick outcome of a life so fearfully exhausting as that of Walter. The two men, doctor and patient, fought hard together for a cure, but outraged nature was too strong. Amphiel was kept almost prisoner by Carey, who acted as "doctor, nurse, father, brother, and friend to him," but in the end, when the craving was on him, Amphiel escaped. The physician loyally concealed the truth from Edana; accident caused her to discover the true character of the man to

whom she was engaged, and she grew to hate him, to have horror of him. This Amphiel never knew, for the end of one of his outbursts was a chill, pneumonia, and death. And the physician and Edana? Oh, of course, they married, and lived happy ever after, or for as long a time as may be left to a middle-aged man.

A curious, powerful, interesting play, perhaps a little overlong and almost dull in a few scenes, yet, on the whole, fascinating, and gaining enormously in strength from the admirable quality of the dialogue. The acting is of extraordinary quality. Mr. Wyndham is quite at his best, Miss Marion Terry is delightful as Lady Valerie, Mr. Thalberg does exceedingly clever work in the part of Amphiel, and Mr. Alfred Bishop is entirely charming and lovable as Edana's father, the optimistic parson with a sense of humour. Miss Mary Moore plays with her usual charm, and noteworthy work comes from Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Jocelyn, Mr. Leslie Kenyon, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. K. Douglas, and little Miss Valli.



MISS MARION TERRY, NOW APPEARING AS LADY VALERIE CAMVILLE AT THE CRITERION.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The complaint of some critics that the historical-novel writers of the day do not take their work seriously enough, that they write in ignorance of history, scraping together only a few ill-digested facts from it, to spare trouble to their own imaginations, is fully justified as a rule, but not by Mr. Standish O'Grady's new story, "The Flight of the Eagle" (Lawrence and Bullen). Mr. O'Grady is a learned historian and an eager searcher after all Irish lore. Indeed, he contends that his tale is told with hardly a freer use of the historical imagination than is employed by the more popular and picturesque of our professed historians. He believes his methods to be similar to those employed by Carlyle in his "Frederick the Great." And his method is not the only thing in which he reminds us of Carlyle. He has borrowed his style occasionally, with good effect, but without necessity; for "The Bog of Stars" proved that Mr. O'Grady has an excellent manner of his own. The present story tells of the kidnapping of Red Hugh O'Donnell, when a young boy, by the agents of Sir John Perrott, of his imprisonment in Dublin Castle, and of his ultimate escape. Perhaps we may one day have his future adventures; this spirited, picturesque, and original tale makes me sincerely hope so. "The Flight of the Eagle" does not appeal to the average reader of adventure stories so strongly as do the works of Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman. Among other things, it aims at giving a survey of the state of Ireland in Elizabethan times; it is concerned with correcting ordinary impressions and opinions respecting the condition of things then, and is so confident of serious interest on the part of the reader that it goes into much detail of circumstance not strictly necessary to the understanding of Red Hugh's early career. Above all, it does not echo traditional sentiments. All this is against its chance of a wide popularity; but it is so much more a book than are most of the historical stories offered us, it reflects so delightfully the personality of its author, it breathes so warm an enthusiasm both for truth and romance, that I feel sure it will win hearty admiration from not a few, and encourage Mr. O'Grady to give us more of the heroic tales out of the tragic story of Ireland. Historical students would find it worth their while to examine his vigorous portrait of Sir John Perrott, that much-abused and much-beloved Viceroy, bastard son of Henry VIII., whose great brain and will, according to Mr. O'Grady, kept Ireland more loyal than she had ever been before or has been since.

The French are a stay-at-home nation, but the comparatively few travellers among them have a very happy capacity for writing their experiences. Mr. Heinemann has just brought out a translation of an entertaining book, by M. André Chevrillon, called "Romantic India," interesting to English readers both for its picturesque descriptions of famous places and for its judgments of British rule in India. M. Chevrillon is among our admirers. At least, he is a very friendly critic, and when he is stating our limitations he has the air of being impressed by the value of these. He generously repeats the Oriental appreciation of our rule when he comes across an instance of it. "English judge say to poor man, 'You are right'; and to rich man, 'You are wrong!'" But he is a critic, and he is a man of humour. Profoundly impressed by the practical capacity, the straightforwardness, and the purity of Englishmen, and even more sympathetically moved by the stores of spiritual wisdom still lingering, still working, in the ancient country, his sense of humour is tickled by the meeting of two such divergent civilisations and the unconsciousness of the conqueror that the soul of the conquered is far beyond his reach. "Ah! ancient ascetics, profound dreamers," he says, "who sought, twenty centuries ago, to tear away the rainbow-hued veil which illusion weaves over the dark reality; who renounced all personal desire, to shelter yourselves in indifference and immobility; with what a smile of disdainful pity would you regard that Western race which now rules in your land! . . . This, at least, is certain: you would make no attempt to enlighten them, blinded by Maya. You would leave them to their ignorant goings to and fro, to their pride; and, slowly closing your eyes, you would return with delight to your solitary dream, to your tranquillising contemplation of the eternal and the motionless." To all readers who prefer a record of the intellectual results of a journey to a daily narrative of hotel discomforts, I cordially recommend M. Chevrillon's "Romantic India."

It is rare we get anything repulsive in Irish fiction, though it is being rapidly affected by bold modern methods. The poverty and misery, and even the cruelty, which make some of Mr. Bullock's material, do not reach the sordid level we come to in Mr. Pugh's "A Man of Straw" (Heinemann). It is a difficult book to describe or to judge. There is something of Mr. Arthur Morrison in it, something of Mr. George Moore, something of Dickens, something of the women-problem-fiction writers, and a good deal which must be Mr. Pugh's very own. It is lurid and melodramatic, yet with flashes of strong reality. It is very brutal, and yet one remembers some tenderness in it. It is both hysterical and shrewd—not a great book at all, but fitfully powerful, and mostly interesting. The story of John Coldershaw loses in impressiveness because one feels that he was from the beginning only a brutal weakling. The weakness is, of course, advertised in the title; but the writer is committing more than a mere popular mistake in making us follow so long the tracks of so ignoble and sordid a villain. Yet we recognise Mr. Pugh as a novelist of great talent. As he has taken the shadier side of London life for his field, we have no reason to expect anything very agreeable from him, but he does not want for courage and vivacity.

o. o.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

He was an acquaintance of mine, but I could not help laughing.

"Hi, Mister, hi!"

The man with the long hair, and the book under his arm, stopped, looked round, and rather testily inquired of the preternaturally grave group near the house-corner he had just passed, "Well, what is it now?"

"Yer heel's on the ground," affably replied the butcher's boy who had arrested the traveller thus in full career, a roar of appreciative laughter capping the announcement.

The man with the book glanced involuntarily at his beetle-crushers, and then, smiling weakly, resumed the uneven tenor of his way, blowing his nose ostentatiously while he rapidly reformed his mental calendar, which had evidently fallen into arrears of both the solar and civil years. Profiting by his mishap, I strode forward, sternly disdaining the anxious voices calling upon me in accents of wild entreaty to "look out," and turning a deaf ear than any knight of romance to the siren-like invocation of a window-cleaning damsel who adjured me most pathetically to remove an imaginary scrap of paper which she averred was attached to my coat-tail. I hurried after the bookman, and, falling into step, rallied him on having become a victim to the joke of the day.

"Yes," he replied; "it was rather foolish. I had forgotten it was April, having no external evidence to go on. Our climate is very misleading—in the summer 'has come to mean 'never,' you know."

"Wonder what could have been the origin of this foolery?" I remarked airily, as if I knew quite well, but wished to promote a healthy curiosity on my companion's part. "Solar myth, probably?"

"I should prefer to say 'lost in the mists of antiquity' at once," he answered, adjusting the folio; "but it is easy to see how the season suggested it. April is quite a remarkable month, called by our Saxon ancestors Easter month."

"Of course," I observed, "Easter occurring in it. Go on."

He lifted his spectacles off the bridge of his nose and glared at me.

"Of course not!" he retorted. "Don't interrupt with false analogies. It was because it was the month sacred to the Teutonic goddess Eastre, whose worship the Saxons introduced into Britain. Among the Romans it was sacred to Venus Verticordia, and on this very day the matrons solemnised rites in her temple on the Salarian Way; and, as it was also the octave of the Hilaria—"

"Exactly—in memory of Hilaria, the wife of Castor."

"Not at all, sir; in memory of the mother of the gods—it was a time of general recreation, when no mourning was permitted, and when private persons might assume the magisterial dress if they liked, though I really can't see why they should wish to do so."

I was profoundly impressed.

"And it is from this festival All Fools' Day comes?" I asked humbly.

"I have not said so," he continued, disengaging the crooked handle of his umbrella from a little girl's headgear, with great tenderness for the umbrella, and shouldering it gallantly; "but you can at least infer how easily such a custom might be born spontaneously of a special period of mirth and gladness like this. As a matter of fact, some theorists assign it a much earlier origin, tracing it back to a commemoration of Noah's celebrated blunder in sending the dove from the Ark before the Deluge had subsided; others ascribe it to the miracle-plays of the Middle Ages, and so on; but, whatever its origin, it is widely spread. The Hindoos practise similar tricks to those played on us just now on March 31. Their Huli Festival—"

"Our mediæval ancestors seem to have been more light-hearted than we," I observed, feeling I should be out of the picture if I allowed the conversation to slip under the ecliptic.

"Yes, or more light-headed," he answered; "they had no responsibilities. Other people invariably thought for them on most subjects, and, being indeed either very vicious or very biddable children, they found it easy to amuse themselves in childish fashion, though, to be sure, this especial custom of fooling our neighbours appeals to humanity always. We enjoy a half-unconscious triumph in contemplating the mistakes of others. The Jack Pudding of England, the Poisson d'Avril of France, the Gowk of Scotland, what are they but—Why are you stopping?"

"I'm turning off here," I answered evasively. "A tendency to mock others is often a sign of mediocrity rather than of wit," I added, as profoundly as if the observation had never been made before.

"That's true," he replied gravely; "but then, humanity is mediocre. Great intellects are, however, as a rule, the most easily 'had' in little matters, and I suppose the groundlings are entitled to their annual snigger. By the way, do you intend going anywhere in particular this morning?"

I had some visits to make in the course of the day, and said so.

He gazed pensively at something about a foot above my head, and then remarked, apologetically, "My sight is beginning to fail me, but it appears to me you have been sleeping in that hat, old man. I hope I am wrong, but how else could those feathers have got there?"

Instantly my hand flew to my highly polished topper, and, doffing it, I hastily examined the glossy surface, which was gallantly striving to reflect the filtered sunlight. It was irreproachable. I looked up; the professor was turning the corner of Bloomsbury Square, his shoulders shaking with ill-suppressed laughter—All Fools' Day had bagged another victim!

LUSMORE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ROWING.

Even those who conscientiously believe the Cambridge crew to be a grand one do not expect the Light Blues to prove successful in the annual Boat-Race on Saturday next. Tradition is a great argument, and the fact of Oxford having gained the day on the seven past occasions is sufficient to make them favourites.

Of course, we have had these long triumphant spells before, with the consequent check, but whenever this check has occurred the winning 'Varsity have been the outsiders. And really I think there is some logic in all this. You see, matches between Oxford and Cambridge are trials of style as well as of individuals. Methods are in no other sport more divergent than in rowing. And I have come to the conclusion that the present method of the Dark Blues is far superior to that of the brother University.

They seem to rear more powerful pullers on the Isis. Perhaps it is because the conditions are so much more favourable than on the Cam. At any rate, the latest Oxford crew, which is wonderfully akin to that of last season, row with terrific force, and I consider it will be by sheer force that the battle will be decided. Cambridge have plenty of style. They row like mechanism, and perhaps this will be found to be their chief drawback, for there are periods of a Boat-Race when human nature is called upon.

The usual number of trials have been made, but I do not pay great heed to time tests. They are not only not infallible, but they are more often than not misleading, as results go to prove. Oxford very early on broke the record over the full course. For one thing, however, it is their style which induces me to fancy their chance, and, for another, they have only one new man in the boat. I have not the records by me, but I dare say that in the history of the series the victory will be found to have more often gone to the boat containing the largest number of Old Blues.

FOOTBALL.

One of the two remaining great events of the football season is to be brought to issue on Saturday next. This is the last match in connection with the Association International Championship. In truth, the championship year after year resolves itself into a duel, and I am therefore sorry that Wales managed to draw with Scotland, because, if England draw with Scotland at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, then she will be able to claim the laurels.

I use the expression "sorry" because the team that represented Scotland against the Principality was merely a second eleven. Nothing would give me greater joy than to see Wales or Ireland improve at the Association as they have at the Rugby game; but to suggest that either of these countries can yet conquer the full strength of England or Scotland would savour of sheer hypocrisy.

At the time of writing I have not yet seen the England eleven; but there are sufficient grounds for presuming as to the constitution. In any case, the side is bound to be powerful with such men as W. J. Oakley, Needham, Crawshaw, Athersmith, Bloomer, and G. O. Smith, who may all be regarded as certainties.

Scotland will, I fancy, be better this season than ever before, and I anticipate one of the finest matches of modern times. I believe England will win, chiefly because of advantage of ground. At any rate, it was advantage of ground—and certain other causes—that gave the game to Scotland at Parkhead last season.

So far from healing, the breach as concerns the split in Rugby football looks like widening. Wales has already been considering the advisability of scratching club fixtures with English teams, and she would probably have adopted that extreme course had her rules enabled her so to do. A by-law is to be inserted, giving this power, so that the prospect of Welsh and English clubs intermingling next year is indeed dismal.

I cannot help thinking that Wales is acting with dignity. At any rate, there is more consistency in her proceedings than characterises those of the International Board. There is one honourable course open to the International Board, and that is to rescind the resolutions. This would ensure peace. In the absence of this I am afraid for the future of amateur Rugby football.

ATHLETICS.

Next Friday the 'Varsities meet at the Queen's Club, and I look forward to a very fine encounter. I have already treated of the contests individually, and it only remains to be said that Oxford appear to possess a good chance of avenging last year's somewhat unlucky defeat.

A scheme which has been under the consideration of the Queen's Club for about five years has only just come to a head. It is the arrangement of an athletic meeting for Public School boys. The reason of the delay is a somewhat childish one. Some few years ago, a Public School boy was compelled, against his will, to compete in a race, and dropped down dead in the middle of it. The circumstance has scared the Queen's Club Committee hitherto from instituting such competitions, on the ground that the severe strain is harmful to the boys. But boxing competitions have for many years been popular, to say nothing of football and cricket,

so that the objection is practically groundless. Now, however, the Queen's Club have issued invitations to the Public Schools for entries for an athletic meeting, to embrace every branch of athletics, arranged for April 24. The special committee elected to manage the event is composed of the most prominent gentlemen in the athletic world. They will be assisted by representatives of the various Public Schools concerned. April 10 is the last date of entry, and no entrance-fee is required.

CRICKET.

We have had a very long rest from the follow-on rule, but it has cropped up again as lively as ever. All the consideration instituted during the close season has resulted in—the leaving the rule as it at present stands! Truly are we a progressive people.

I will admit that the solution of the follow-on difficulty is not easy. But it is a difficulty, and this being admitted, it occurs to me that it is the duty of the ruling body—if we have one—to remedy the defect. Surely we do not want a repetition of the most unpleasant proceedings that marred the University match last year.

The awkward circumstance is the disagreement of the counties. The collective wisdom can evolve no outlet from the maze. I have been puzzling to discover the objection to the favoured 'captain being given the option of going in again, but this plan is the one to which most objection is taken, and so, I suppose, it is regarded as heinous. I should be glad if someone would kindly point out where.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The next big race on the *tapis* is the City and Suburban, and I shall be surprised if the contest is not well worthy the fame of Epsom. Several horses are expected to run well, and Balsamo has been freely backed already. Other horses well spoken of are Earwig, who is doing a splendid preparation, and Amandier, who runs well over the course. But, after all, it must be noted that Robinson's best will have to be reckoned with, and it will now be seen how easily Winkfield's Pride might have upset calculations in this race had he not run at Lincoln.

Mornington Cannon is very likely to once more head the Winning Jockeys List, as T. Loates may not be able to return to the saddle for many weeks to come. Cannon rides some really fine finishes, but I think he sometimes leaves it too long before making his final effort, and it must require some courage to take a pull at his horse, as he does, in the middle of a race. I expect to see C. Wood riding much better when he has had a little more practice, but he can hardly expect to beat the younger ones every time.

The old saying, "the survival of the fittest," applies to racehorses more early in the season than during the summer and autumn. Most of the animals that run during the first few weeks are palpably unfit, and this is where the forward ones gain great advantage. Sanders won several races a few years ago through having his horses fit early, but when the summer came could not do right. Elsey is another trainer who usually turns out a lot of early winners. On the other hand, Porter rarely sends out his horses, especially the two-year-olds, before Ascot, and Jewitt is another who favours the waiting policy. Both systems must be successful, or they would not be patronised; but, on the whole, I think the horses, at any rate, are best served by not being got ready too soon.

As the Prince of Wales will be present to see the Jubilee Stakes run for on May 15, I believe Mr. S. H. Hyde is to make all his arrangements for a biggest attendance on record. The race just now looks a real good thing for Bridegroom on the Lincoln running; but it would not surprise me at all to see Victor Wild go very close, as the old horse ran very fast for six furlongs at Lincoln, and he is not by any means fit yet. Kilcock, too, if fairly wound up, is sure to run a great horse.

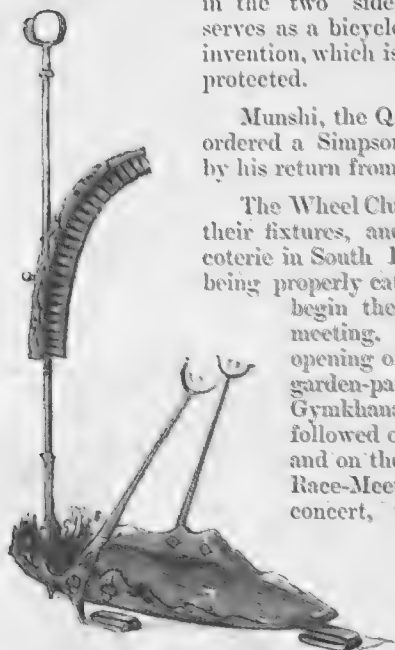
I believe the betting question will presently stir the Jockey Club and the clerks of courses to action. I think those gentlemen who have for years received fat dividends from their racecourse shares should subscribe a large fund to provide the expenses of fighting the question to the bitter end, and I also think the Jockey Club should let us know their exact position in regard to betting. At present we are told that the Jockey Club does not countenance betting, but does warn off defaulters. This is paradoxical.

Sporting literature is apparent, very apparent, just now. Indeed, at the beginning of each racing season tipping sheets spring up in all quarters, only to be quietly buried after a succession of losers have been given. The sensible racing-man is now given to working out his own plans, and, instead of following "the golden certs," as advertised, he tries to find winners on his own account. And he succeeds in doing this, too, oftener than do the majority of the advertising tipsters.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The cycling world, by which we mean "Society on Wheels," has been flat to a degree during the past week. The weather seems to have taken all the heart out of cyclists. The rain and mud have now been succeeded by the March winds, and it has often been a matter of difficulty to make any headway at all, and thus many riders have given up the unequal fight until the elements have calmed down. There is, however, no lack of preparations for the coming season, and several of the cycling clubs have issued their programmes.

A natty new arrangement for cleaning bicycle-tyres has been invented by Mr. Henry Nevill. It consists of an upright rod, to which is affixed a curved brush. The hubs of the machine are held in the two side-attachments. The apparatus also serves as a bicycle-stand in a hall or elsewhere. The invention, which is simple and effective, is provisionally protected.



A NEW BICYCLE-CLEANER

Munshi, the Queen's Indian private secretary, has ordered a Simpson lever-chain cycle to be prepared by his return from the South of France.

The Wheel Club of Hereford House have published their fixtures, and the members of this flourishing coterie in South Kensington cannot complain of not being properly catered for by their committee. They begin the season on April 24 with a race-meeting. On May 1 the anniversary of the opening of the club is to be celebrated by a garden-party. On May 15 a Grand Military Gymkhana and Tournament will take place, followed on the 22nd by another garden-party, and on the 29th by a Ladies' and Gentlemen's Race-Meeting. June begins with an evening concert, then another garden-party, and a Cycling Gymkhana, and on the 19th the Great Floral Cycling Parade and Battle of Flowers will take place. An "Al Fresco"

Evening Concert will be next, on the 23rd, and that week also will be decided the Tennis Tournament, and the month will wind up with a Musical Ride on the 30th. July will be a busy month also, with Gymkhanas, garden-parties, concerts, &c., which will include an Illuminated Cycle Parade and Evening Fête. In addition to these entertainments, the grounds will be illuminated twice a-week during the season, and various bands will be in attendance.

So Olympia has had to close its doors after only a few weeks of existence. This was a foregone conclusion from the commencement, as any visitor could see at a glance. What a come-down for the home of Imre Kiralfy and Venice, with its spectacular exhibition that drew such crowds! It was really a rather mournful sight to see this vast building with a mere handful of spectators watching another handful of performers cycling around the track. The failure was entirely due to bad management. There are few buildings that are better adapted to a cycle exhibition than Olympia; and, had the arena been fitted up as a Cyckhana, where musical rides, motor shows, and cycling carnivals could have been held, the result would have been very different.

What is doing at Sheen House? I hear very little about this home of the Sheenites. Some months ago great things were foretold of the cycling future of this historic, so to say, building; but of late it seems to have been hiding its light under a bushel, so far as the public are concerned. I have heard whispers of some changes in the management which, if correct, will not be conducive to its best interests.

Some of the London squares are at last being made use of. In the early morning and up to a fixed hour cyclists can be seen taking their constitutional on wheels. This is an excellent idea, as the paths make capital tracks, and for beginners no better school exists anywhere. St. George's Square is quite lively on fine mornings. This is an exceptionally favoured square, having long, straight walks, the circuit making something under two laps to the mile.

I hear of an amusing trouble at some of the clubs in the Pall Mall and St. James's Street region. Up to the door rides a member on his bicycle, and, having dismounted, wishes to take it into the hall. He could not well leave it outside, for the bicycle-thief is ubiquitous. The hall-porter stops the bicyclist, and respectfully states the committee's view. The hall of the club is meant for hats and cloaks and the portmanteaus of members *en voyage*. If bicycles were allowed shelter therein, there would be no room for anything or anybody else. So into a cellar in the basement, escorted by a mischievous club page or two, the bicycle has to go, perhaps down a narrow spiral stair, to emerge with the mud-guards shattered, if not more seriously injured, when the member wishes to depart. What is to be done?

One of the prettiest events of the season on the Riviera has always been the Battle of Flowers, and this year bicycles have largely taken the place of carriages. The machines were tastefully and profusely decorated with many-coloured blooms, while a basket affixed on the handle-bar formed a receptacle for the floral missiles.

I remarked such a pretty costume the other day in the Bois. It was entirely made of black velvet corduroy, the short jacket tight-fitting and lined with bright yellow satin; the jacket had a very full fluted basque, which reached a few inches below the waist, the colour showing with the movements of the wearer. The effect was exceedingly smart. Shepherd's plaid is always a favourite tartan, but this year it certainly has become the rage, especially among lady cyclists. I saw a most fascinating pair of bloomers, made in a very large check, and worn with a short sac jacket, open in front, and composed of the new material, called drap-de-soie, which I mentioned in last week's *Sketch*. Every week, as spring advances, seems to bring out some pretty cycling-costume for fair lady riders to admire, and it becomes most difficult to choose what is most becoming.

Inventors are turning their attention to wasted space in cycle construction. One has conceived the idea of utilising the hollow tubes of the machine for the storage of acetylene and carbide gas in a compressed form to supply the necessary light which the law requires. I am not scientific, but I have a hazy notion that someone once suggested to me that this gas was, under certain circumstances, explosive. What an additional excitement will this give to cycling, to feel that at any moment one may be blown into little pieces! Coasting down a dangerous hill is nothing to it. Another ingenious invention suggests packing the oil-can and repairing-kit within the handle-bar. Could not a flask and sandwich-case be similarly disposed of? Or, with a slight enlargement of the hollow spaces, a portmanteau might be dispensed with, and the requisite change of clothes stowed away somewhere within the unemployed recesses of the machine!

I hear that some of our judges, when on circuit, blow away the legal cobwebs from their brains by taking cycle exercise after their labours in Court are over. It would be a novel and interesting pageant if the High Sheriff, the judges, and the rest of the dignified functionaries were to ride in state to the opening of the assizes on bicycles. We may see this ere we are many years older. Who knows?

The wheel is becoming popular in Egypt, where, of course, it is constantly used by the English colony. The Khedive has a "Premier."



THE KHEDIVE.

I understand from a contemporary that the London and North-Western Railway Company expect that cycling traffic will be so much increased this year that they are making great preparations for the convenience of carrying machines. Can it be true that last year they carried by passenger trains about 75,000 machines, and by goods trains no less than 125,000?

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

This real old-fashioned ideal spring weather, which has followed the long winter of our unspeakable discontent for the past week or ten days, is, one hopes, an augury of that loyal Queen's weather which so proverbially and obligingly treads on the heels of royalty at home or abroad. Just as in the early spring of 1837, which ushered in so glorious a summer,

we have been living in an atmosphere of sunshine quite lately. If it only lasts, great will be the jubilation among milliners and the *couturière* confraternity variously, for this spell of early hot weather has reminded many who are wise in their generation that it is not too soon to order light, cool gowns, as the fashions are daily declaring themselves, and in another few weeks everybody will be busy to distraction. I am now constantly asked to recommend a dressmaker who will not disdain to make up one's own material, and who at the same time can be safely depended on for good fit and style. Usually the combination is not easy to alight upon, but, armed with the unanswerable argument of personal experience on my own part and that of friends, I have no hesitation in recommending Miss Collins, of 52, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W., and Miss Barrett, 11, Eccleston Street, S.W. Both are inexpensive and smart, a great desideratum in these days when the conditions of our lives require that we shall be well up to date while our incomes remain proportionately inelastic.

Of all forms in outdoor garments, it may be

decisively laid down that short, tight-fitting coats, reaching to the waist, with loose bell-sleeves, are at the moment most fashionable. Capes, pure and simple, have practically departed, except as wraps, from the ranks of well-dressed women; but this close-fitting adaptation, having wide, cape-like sleeves, if indeed they can claim to be called sleeves, are in the last cry of everything modish. Whether *chic* little mess-jacket, loose sacque, or the short ordinary basqued coat, all are accompanied by the wing-sleeve, and in black velvet for full afternoon panoply of war, or tan cloth in various shades, I have seen very engaging examples of both. As the weather grows warmer, we shall have these *vêtements* with silk- or velvet-embroidered bodices, while the bell-sleeve will be of pleated chiffon or net in many colours. Mantelettes of this order are smarter than either cape or jacket, and combine the best points of both.

There is a great attempt to revive the befeathered hats with drooping brims which were worn in the youngest years of our good Queen's reign, also the poke-bonnet of drawn silk and border of net or flowers which framed our grandmamas' ingenuous faces so becomingly. Neither will have much vogue, I fancy. An example of the former style just sent over from Paris was made of Leghorn straw, with three waving black feathers at one side, a drapery of black chiffon around crown, and the wide, drooping brim edged with half-blown pink roses. It was very eccentric, but not otherwise exciting. Now about my illustrations; as will be seen from this eminently neat little gown of dark-blue cloth, even tailor-made garments are sharing the decorative feeling of the moment in frocks. A white satin waistcoat surmounted by the jaunty stock and turn-over collar of our present form here shows up revers of white cloth, elaborately braided, as well as an appliqué of velvet on the jacket treated to match. This costume bears the cachet of Thomas's workmanship, for, whether simple or ornate, anything built at 32, Brook Street, always owns a certain distinctive *chic* which but few tailors ever reach. Thomas is, however, no less successful with habits and cycling-suits than the various forms of his tailor-made gowns and jackets, which are always both original in design and perfect in fit.

The second sketch outlines a very graceful style of evening-gown suitable for a young girl, and has been specially designed for a correspondent, who will probably figure forth in something of the sort for all the roses and raptures of her first dance. What a pity, by the way, that our zest of such functions as *débutantes* should lapse into endurance as chaperons, and that the "joy of life" which Ibsen discourses of so pessimistically should escape us so surely and slowly as it does. But it was the millinery aspect of this ball-gown, not the metaphysical, I really meant to emphasise, one of its points being the ribbon embroidery in pale-blue knots *à la* Louis Quinze, prettily surrounding the bodice, which is bordered by wistaria trails and a knot of Maréchal Niel roses at waist and shoulder. Covering one side of the white satin bodice and entire skirt is white chiffon, sewn over with those faceted spangles made to simulate brilliants, which will be quite a feature of the Diamond Jubilee Season modes. Gauze and chiffon-covered gowns will be much seen in summer ball-rooms, and, when pleated in the new sun-ray style over satin, I can imagine no more charming or girlish effect. Hand-painted gauze and satin panels for the front and sides of more elaborate evening-gowns will also add to the richness of many forthcoming frocks, and at the moment a selection of these painted garnitures are on view at 1, Worcester Street, S.W., just out of St. George's Square, which would justly excite the admiration of artist or woman of fashion alike. Miss Sarah Fawcett, who designs and executes all this lovely work, earned her spurs at South Kensington as a flower-painter. That she turns this talent to its most dainty as well as practical uses, none who visit her pretty house in Worcester Street can question. Several panels for Court and ball-gowns are particularly worthy of description. One, for instance, of delicate mauve silk, on the surface of which graceful trails of orchid intermix with feathery corn-grass, makes a harmony of lovely tints; another, of pinkish lilac, is painted with festoons of the flower itself; a third, of rich white gros grain, shows up masses of La France roses, with stems and foliage reproduced in bewitching disarray. Again, one of massed amber roses and white lilac, produced on delicate chiffon, which would be used over



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A NEW AND SMART SPRING STYLE.



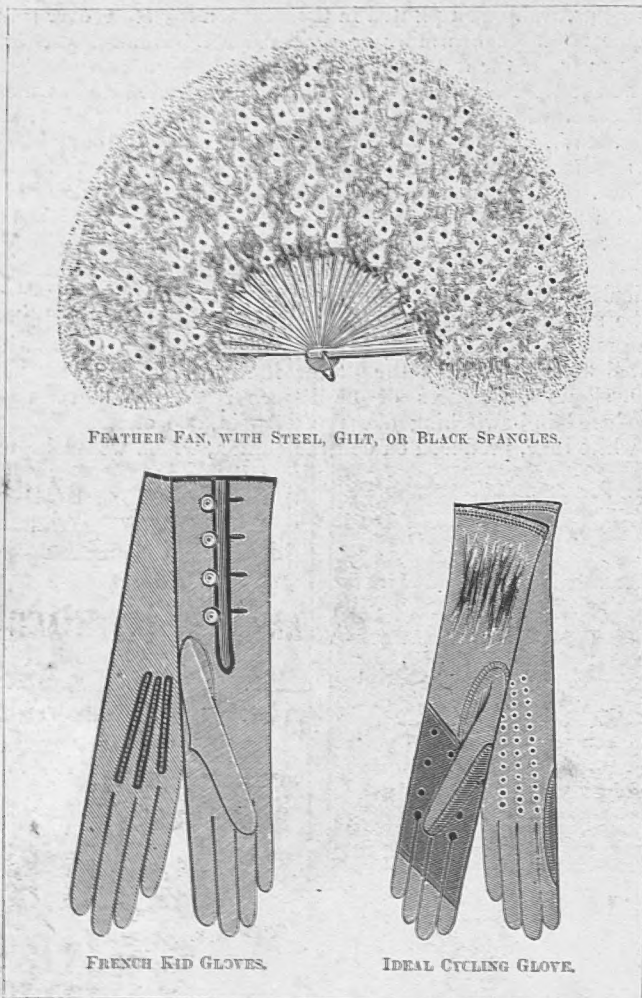
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SERENA'S FIRST BALL GOWN.

white or other pale-coloured satin. I can imagine no more attractive addition to any gown than these panels, which Miss Fawcett sells at the absurdly low price of three guineas, some of the very large being four. All sorts of graceful trifles—tidies, pincushions, toilet-sets, dessert doyleys—at prices ranging from half-a-crown, are produced by this lady, who only requires to be heard of to secure a large *clientèle*, if

extraordinarily fine quality of work and excessively moderate prices go for anything. A set of sachets for gloves, handkerchiefs, night-dress, and tidy, painted in roses on white gauze over satin, was very dainty. The Princess of Wales purchased a similar set recently. I also greatly admired a drawing-room bag, made in a large, useful size, of rich white satin, on which branches of lilac and iridescent dragon-flies were skilfully coloured. Of cushions and table-centres Miss Fawcett has a bewildering store, each design seeming lovelier than the last. Then there were satin-covered jewel- or work-boxes, cone- and crescent-shaped bonbon-boxes, besides a number of such other graceful trifles as would prove most enticing at bazaars, for the supply of which Miss Fawcett's specialities are particularly suitable, both in point of low price and attractiveness. Finally, Miss Fawcett is pleased to show her pretty wares to anyone, with the object of spreading an already established connection, so that those finding themselves in the neighbourhood of St. George's Square should avail of so interesting an opportunity.

Though cycling may be said to have neither sex nor season, yet we are undoubtedly more sworn to the daily uses of the wheel in pleasant



FEATHER FAN, WITH STEEL, GILT, OR BLACK SPANGLES.

FRENCH KID GLOVES.

IDEAL CYCLING GLOVE.

NOVELTIES AT THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S.

summer weather than when mud lies deep on the rutted roads, and pools of treacherous water lie in wait to splash our neat skirts and gaiters as we whirl along. With approaching balmy days in view, therefore, the question of a smart cycling outfit becomes a universal matter of consideration with lovely woman. After running the gamut of a dozen different materials for road and rail, I have arrived at the conclusion that an unshrinkable flannel, which has all the natty appearance and pattern of tweed without its corresponding weight or hardness, is the ideal material for such exercise, and this material in premier perfection is to be found among Barker and Moody's new spring flannels for cycling or walking suits. Charming "heather" mixtures in browns, greys, and fawns, whose various colours "age cannot wither" nor hard wear stale, are included among the new spring designs of this well-known Leeds firm, which has worked so great a revolution in the hitherto very common noun of flannel. In a word, Barker and Moody's flannels do not shrink—a promise often made but rarely kept by that unstable material; neither do they lose colour, while their artistic admixtures of tone and tint enable them to vie with the smartest Parisian fabrics for daily wear. Our present dainty fashion of dressing children entirely in white has had most of its expensive drawbacks removed by the introduction of B. and M.'s unshrinkable white cloths and flannels, while the extremely moderate price of these excellent stuffs puts them within the reach of all women of taste, no matter how modestly supplied their purses.

Somebody with a turn for mental arithmetic was computing the other day that there will be more champagne consumed on Diamond Jubilee Day than two ordinary vintages would altogether produce. However accurate this may turn out to be, if tested, it is quite certain that festive preparations proceeding apace are bringing fortune to many besides the lucky minority who own houses *en route*. "Butchers, bakers, and

candlestick-makers," as the rhyme has it, are employing the commercial inspiration to produce appropriate and profitable symbols commemorative at once of their trade and the great occasion which our present year of grace is destined to mark. The London Glove Company, of Cheapside and New Bond Street fame, have produced a particularly tempting Diamond Jubilee memento in the form of daintily tinted kid and suède gloves in black, tan, and lavender, besides the ordinary light shades. The crowning specialty of these gloves consists of tiny medallions to serve as buttons, on which her Majesty's head in miniature is framed.

Nothing more acceptable as presents could be imagined, except perhaps delicate cambric handkerchiefs which hail from that head-centre of linen industry Belfast, deftly embroidered with the royal coat-of-arms in one corner. Others also have the simple monogram V.R., flanked by dates of accession and celebration on each side, surmounted by the royal crown. Twelve and fifteen shillings a dozen are the prices asked for these pretty souvenirs, a packet of which any woman might gladly add to her store of smart *mouchoirs*.

Apropos of gloves, I have thought it worth while to illustrate a sensible and smart doeskin cycling-glove with perforated back and strong leather palm, enabling it to stand any amount of hard wear, the price of which is obviously moderate at 2s. 4d. per pair. A cheaper sort is also obtainable at 1s. 10d., these being made without the additional leather palms. Who would be without cycling-gloves?

White doeskin with neat black points are always tidy and becoming wear for morning, and the London Glove Company's special make at 1s. 11d. are very superior to the ordinary specimens at that price. Smart Brussels kid in all the new pale shades of grey, cream, champagne, and so forth, bound and seamed with black, are sold at a quite Quixotic half-crown, which, as such gloves go, seems to represent but half their value. Pique sewn chevrettes in tans and light colours, soft, fine, pliable, as chevrettes should be, are to be had at 2s. 10d., perfectly shaped black suèdes at 1s. 10d. and 2s. 11d., according to their respective qualities, besides an endless number of other varieties, among which may be specially accounted kid evening-gloves with embroidered points, the white being worked in silver beads and silk, pale cream with gold-coloured beads, grey with steel, and so on. For dinner, ball, or other functions of *grande tenue* I can imagine no smarter finish to smart toilettes.

With other matters we have retraced our steps in the prevailing fashion of fans, which are now extremely small if aspiring to be in the extremest mode. Tiny silk spangled and hand-painted specimens of the Louis Quatorze period are in plentiful evidence at the London Glove Company's depôts. A novelty in feather fans is here illustrated, spangles attached to the end of each feather-tip making the best possible effect. I have only space left for a bird's-eye view of the many daintinesses in silken thread or cashmere stockings which form another important department at the London Glove Company's. Some pretty specimens of open-work silk fronts, the back part being Lisle thread, are sold at 2s. 5d. a pair, which will give some idea of the extremely moderate prices that rule in both establishments.

Poets, sonnets, and apostrophes notwithstanding, we women are well assured that the female form divine is dependent more or less (and generally more than less) on a well-cut corset for its most successful outlines. There is no poetry in this assertion, 'tis true, but more than a measure of truth as we moderns spell beauty's curves. The possession of a symmetrical figure is too greatly aided by science for any woman to ignore the corset-maker's art nowadays, so when I introduce the lately invented P. and S., in which ordinary steel busks and side-pieces are replaced by non-rusting and unbreakable Zairoid, while the shape and material employed are of equally unimpeachable excellence, I think all has been said which can sum up the virtues of so indispensable an item. Before setting forth on the quest of new spring frocks, I would enjoin on young women, therefore, the sweet wisdom of a P. and S. corset.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COUNTRY-HOUSE (Essex).—(1) If you will write to Grossmith and Son, Newgate Street, E.C., for a sachet of their Indian perfume "Phul-Nana," and the Japanese "Hasu-no-Hana," you will find either delicate, yet lasting. (2) Write to Thomas, Brook Street, for his book of spring cycling-gowns. He makes admirably. If you get heated, as you say, cotton blouses are distinctly dangerous, and the cause of many deep-seated coughs and colds. Either have silk blouses or some made of those charming Barker and Moody flannels, which can be had light enough for India even, and in such pretty mixtures—much smarter than cotton, too. Write direct to Barker and Moody, Leeds, or any first-rate draper like Marshall and Spelgrove or Peter Robinson. (3) As to the fringe, only one that curls naturally will stand damp without coming on end. Certainly have a false one. All smart women do, and here the old motto of best being cheapest really applies. For one of natural curled hair you must pay more, but it never requires to be "done up." All others do. Consult Curette, of Brompton Road. He is the best hair-dresser I know, and will suit you if anyone can. No trouble. Too glad to be of any use.

VIRGINIE (Aldershot).—(1) Either of the dressmakers mentioned in article would do your cycling-blouses from a pattern bodice. But you are so near town, why not run up? There are some plaid silks out now that would do for the best ones, and for the rest use B. and M.'s thin summer flannels. (2) It was with the Quorn, not the Pytchley. (3) It is rather an affectation to clip the "g's," but a vanity still practised by many who love to be thought smart. It is in the Blue-Book they mention people's "days," not Webster.

STBIL.

HE WAS THE COMPASS.

LITTLE EDDIE: Papa's the captain of our ship; mamma's the pilot. TEACHER: And what are you?

EDDIE: I'm the compass, I guess. They are always boxing me.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on April 7.

MONEY MARKET.

As was anticipated, no change was made in the Bank Rate on Thursday last, but it is considered highly probable that a reduction of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or even 1 per cent., will be made very shortly. According to the Bank Return, public deposits have increased by £304,000, while "other" deposits have decreased by £461,200. There was no change in Government securities; the "other" securities, however, were lower by £201,000, the net result of the alterations being an increase of $\frac{3}{8}$ in the proportion of reserve to liabilities, to 55 $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent.

THE SETTLEMENT.

It is remarkable to find that, despite the acute stage the Eastern crisis has reached, the Making-up prices for the last Account show an improvement in most departments. Business, naturally, has been reduced to an almost stagnation point; but the Market, up to this stage, has viewed the position from a philosophical standpoint, and has not allowed itself to be carried away by the sensational reports served up day by day. Foreign Government stocks are carried over, with few exceptions, at higher prices, South American descriptions particularly showing substantial rises. Even the Greek and Turkish issues have appreciated slightly during the Account. Home Rails disclose a satisfactory rise, also Indian Railways; but American Securities are lower all round in the absence of support from this side. Foreign Railways have been somewhat irregular, the rises and falls being pretty equally balanced, which remark also applies to the Commercial and Industrial department. Business in the Mining Market having been very much restricted during the Account, the prices on balance do not show any changes of importance.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

The movements in the three hundred and twenty-five representative securities dealt with by the *Banker's Magazine* for the month ending March 20 show a net increase in value of £2,357,000, or .07 per cent., as compared with the preceding month. The period covered has been characterised by a great restriction in business, but it is satisfactory to find that prices generally have been so well sustained during such anxious times. British and Indian Funds actually show an improvement of £1,480,000. This, however, is mainly attributable to the rise in Bank of England stock on the increased dividend. The heavy decline in Greek and Turkish stocks on the month, despite the recent recovery from the worst, is neutralised by a recovery in Italian and Spanish, the net result in Foreign Government securities being an increase of £1,828,000, or 0.2 per cent. The most prominent feature in the list is an increase of £3,182,000, or 5.3 per cent., in American Railway shares, chiefly due to a substantial rise in Lake Shore shares. English Bank shares have appreciated to the extent of 2.3 per cent., but the Mining shares, which are chiefly South African, have declined as much as £1,681,000, or 5 per cent., on account of the disturbing influences at work in the Transvaal.

NEW ZEALAND MINING.

We give below the end of our special correspondent's preliminary New Zealand letter, which we were obliged to hold over last week for want of space—

I will not in this preliminary article speak of any one mine in particular, as I shall have occasion to criticise each big concern separately and at length, but I would warn the investor that most of the so-called developed mines have been worked out down to a considerable depth, and that few, if any, have any development ahead of the battery. They have all worked from hand to mouth for the past thirty years, not continuously, but in fits and starts, as the Auckland people have had pluck and the money to gamble with. Thus an English shareholder in a going concern is no better off than one in a new prospect, because the so-called "developed mine" will require new machinery, expensive pumps, and a large sum spent upon opening up new ground before it can make any adequate return upon the large capital which is the essential part of an English company.

The same amount of money spent upon a well-prospected area would result in the opening up of a virgin mine which might pay for years. Because a mine has paid dividends for twenty years, there is no reason why it should go on paying, and if the local people thought they could carry on they would never sell. They sell because they are at the end of the gold, and have no new ground opened up. Dozens of mines are now in the hands of the promoting syndicates ready for flotation. They have been all more or less "gutted," and all provided with obsolete machinery, which must be replaced if the mine is to pay dividends.

At the Thames, at Coromandel, and at Kuaotunu there are many mines which have done well in the past, but few of them have now any ore in sight which would pay to put through the present mills. Down South at Reefton and Otago the same thing applies. There is still a vast area quite unprospected which will one day be found to contain payable reefs, but prospecting here in the densely wooded and precipitous gorges is very slow work, and, even when a reef is found, roads have to be made and the ground cleared. English capital may be well employed in opening up new country, and the Colony will be immensely helped by such work; but I cannot advise investment in shares of old mines highly capitalised and with no amount of ore in sight.

If New Zealand is to become once again a big goldfield, with a big series of payable mines, it must be on low-grade ore propositions. There are huge reefs all over the country which have never been touched. The Auckland people had not the necessary capital to tackle any reef that did not give at least £10 a ton return, but to-day, with cyanide and modern batteries, £2 10s. a ton will pay handsomely. Mining in New Zealand is not a simple proposition; the gold is not coarse and the ore not free-milling; the rock is all highly mineralised, and requires special treatment. The value of the gold is low; much of the bullion is more than half silver. Iron, copper, zinc, antimony, and arsenic are found associated with the gold, and a simple battery will not extract 50 per cent. Float gold is common; cyanide is a necessity, and even here the ordinary plant

is useless in many cases, owing to various acids which neutralise the effect of the cyanide. Those who would invest in New Zealand mines must bear all these things in mind.

West Australia is full of simple propositions with free-milling ores, and is an easy country compared with New Zealand; but Maoriland has many advantages which poor West Australia lacks. There is any amount of water—enough, in many instances, to run the battery without steam-power. The conformation of the ground (so like California that one may often imagine oneself to be riding up a cañon in that land of gold and fruit) lends itself to cheap mining. The precipitous hills give hundreds of feet of backs, and are covered with excellent timber. There is no lack of efficient miners, and there are any number of gold-bearing reefs. Those that carry any considerable amount of gold have been well worked for many years, but the low-grade reefs, some of them forty to fifty feet wide, will now have their day, and we may well look for the time when New Zealand will possess mines like the Alaska Treadwell and the Homestake. I do not think that this time will be during the present boom, for such mines take years to develop. We shall have a period of bitter disappointment to face in New Zealand as in Western Australia. Few, if any, of the old mines which have been taken up will pay their way upon the huge capitals. Mining here must be placed upon an industrial basis; it must be looked upon just in the same way as a brewery or an ironworks. Mining and milling cost about 25s. to 30s. a ton, and no one should invest in any mine unless he can see that the mine can be made to pay a dividend at this price.

Shareholders should insist upon knowing what ore reserves there are in sight, and what they will average per ton. It is not a difficult matter to ascertain roughly. No mine should be floated unless at least three or four drives have been put in along the course of the reef for at least five hundred feet. Every fathom of the reef should be assayed, and the ore in sight measured up. We want no ridiculous reports which say that the reef will increase in richness at depth; reefs don't do this. Experts who tell you what reefs *will* do are mere charlatans; no human being can say what any reef will do. You can never see beyond the end of a pick. What an expert *can* do is to measure up a reef, and assay it, and tell you its value. He can find out the cost of mining and milling, and then say if he thinks the mine will pay to work under its present conditions. More than this no one can say. New Zealand badly wants some good experts, and the more highly trained they are the better, for the problems here are not simple by any means. One great advantage New Zealand possesses; there are no wild notions of extravagance floating in the air such as have ruined half the companies in West Australia.

Economy is the order of the day, and mine-managers who work economically are as much respected here as they are despised in West Australia. There are too many Scotsmen in New Zealand for extravagance; to find favour, and it meets with the contempt it deserves. Indeed, parsimony and cheeseparing are carried to a positively hurtful point. Economy is a good thing, and better in mining than in any other business; but even in running a mine it sometimes pays to spend money freely, and this is never done in the Hauraki Peninsula, perhaps because there is no money to spend.

In our next issue we shall publish an interesting letter from our African correspondent on the Lydenburg Goldfields.

BRITISH BANK OF SOUTH AMERICA.

It was anything but a pleasant duty which the chairman had to perform at the meeting of the shareholders of this bank held last week. In order to pay the usual dividend of 4 per cent. for the second half of the year, it had been found necessary to withdraw £50,000 from the reserve fund. It appears that the losses sustained during the latter half of last year chiefly arose at the Rio de Janeiro branch, where the manager, it seems, had been led away by over-confidence in the exchange brokers. There is a considerable speculative element in South American exchanges, and, although the manager had received repeated warnings from the directors on the subject, it would appear from the chairman's account that these had been disregarded. It has been deemed desirable, in the interests of the bank, to request the manager of the Rio de Janeiro branch to come to this country, with a view of obtaining his personal explanation on the subject of the losses. It is almost needless to say that, since the publication of the report and balance-sheet, the shares of the institution have had a heavy depreciation, the quotation being £11 as compared with £13 a month ago.

EAST LONDON WATERWORKS.

One would have imagined that recent glaring failures of the East London Waterworks Company to meet the demands of its customers would have led to an increase of revenue expenditure in order to prevent the recurrence of such troubles. But the report just issued shows an increase in receipts and a decrease in expenses. It is good to learn that the company is proceeding expeditiously with the necessary new works, and that the purity of the water supplied to customers has been certified by a Government official as well as by the analyst acting on behalf of the Water Companies. It is to be hoped that, as the shareholders are to get their handsome dividend, the directors see their way to giving their customers a sufficient supply of water, even if the coming summer should prove to be a dry one.

LOUISE AND CO., LIMITED.

The dividend of 8 per cent. just announced compares with 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last year, and that, too, although the available profits were then only for ten months against twelve on this occasion. The founders' shares get 5s. against 15s., and it appears that the shrinkage of profits must have amounted to about £2500 on the year's trading. The dividend cannot be considered unsatisfactory, nor can a moderate fluctuation in the earnings be wondered at, especially as this year there certainly ought to be as large a sum by way of an increase. The objection to Louise and Co.'s shares held by the Market is, and always has been, the idea that the concern was greatly over-capitalised, and that the assets consist of a few ribbons, a bonnet-shape or two, and the goodwill.

THE TRANSVAAL.

News from South Africa from day to day is certainly not of a reassuring kind, and the conviction deepens in the City that before the year is out it will be necessary to assert our supremacy in South Africa

by force of arms. Let us hope that, when we do take our coats off for the job, it will be with no intention of doing what Mr. Rhodes calls "changing President Kruger for President J. B. Robinson." Rumour is curiously persistent as to some sort of understanding having been arrived at with Portugal, and it is openly whispered by people in responsible places that arrangements *have been made* whereby we purchase Delagoa Bay and the railway. This would be a great *coup* on Mr. Chamberlain's part, putting an end for ever to the project of a little seaside resort for sick loers, which is so dear to the great Kruger's heart, but it seems almost too good to be true! The Emperor William would then have every excuse for sending kind messages of condolence to Oom Paul, and we should be curious to see if they would be as offensively worded as the famous message of congratulation which taught us to estimate the Queen's grandson at his par value.

WESTRALIA.

Things remain very quiet in this market, and the public still refrains from buying or speculating. A company of which we have on one or two occasions said a good word is the Half-Mile Reef Gold-Mining Company, and we understand that the news from the mine is very encouraging. We read a long extract from a local paper called the *Broad Arrow Standard* of Jan. 30 last, from which it appeared that the company's water-tanks were all completed, and that, once full, there ought to be no doubt about crushing being carried on continuously. A telegram has been received this week announcing that heavy rain has fallen, filling the tanks, and that the battery has started, so that results may soon be expected. Those associated with the mine expect about 2 or 2½ ounces to the ton from the ore at grass.

SWAN AND EDGAR.

To the many good industrial reports which have cheered the hearts of drapery shareholders the just issued balance-sheet of this concern is a striking contrast. All that can be said for the management is that the results are better than last year; but the total profit is only £3465, from which must be deducted mortgage interest of £1325, leaving a miserable sum of £2140 available for distribution; and even this is arrived at by providing nothing for depreciation of leases, fixtures, or fittings, and setting aside not one penny for bad debts out of a total amount of over £13,000 owing to the company. It looks as if on any conservative lines the trading should have shown a loss instead of a profit.

CURIOSITIES OF FINANCE.

The activity in promotion circles is extraordinary at the present time, especially in view of the fact that Eastern affairs are by no means settled and Stock Exchange matters appear very dull. Among the curious prospectuses which reached us during the week was one of a concern called "The Commemoration Syndicate, Limited," with a capital of £10,000, with which the public are led to expect the return will be a profit of £120 on every £10. The object, of course, is to acquire seats along the line of the Jubilee Procession, and re-let them at a profit; but the curious thing about the document is that a certain agreement between Joseph Kelsey and Thomas Fouthrop is disclosed, and intending subscribers are blandly informed that they may inspect the same at the offices of the syndicate's solicitors; but the prospectus, while naming auditors, bankers, directors, &c., has *no solicitor upon it*. Is the offer made "sarcastic," we wonder, or was it a pure slip?

The *Limited Liability Review* and the *British Investment Review* have by their kind proprietors been sent to us, and no doubt to hundreds of our readers, this week. We note that a printed order-form is attached to each, but we suppose nobody is fool enough to fill it up in either case, for why give away 6s. 6d. a-year when the enterprising proprietors will send you the rags for nothing? The weekly journal which, to use its own words, is "for investors and capitalists," is, we note, engaged in trying to find buyers for the shares of the First Find Consolidated Gold-Mines at four shillings each, and for the ordinary and preference shares of a new industrial undertaking called Pearks, Gunston, and Tee, Limited. That old war-horse, the New Guadalcazar Quicksilver Mines, is trotted out and recommended again—even the most credulous reader must by now be sick of this concern—and with Norton and Co., the Brockie-Pell Arc Lamp, the Dover Tivoli, and the Murchison Gift Mine, the *raison d'être* of the *Limited Liability Review* is about complete. We need hardly warn our readers against each and every of the concerns we have named, or advise them to leave the paper—God save the mark!—and its selections severely alone. The other rag, with its high-sounding title of the *British Investment Review*, is recommending the British Cycle Manufacturing Company, Limited, which is supposed to make those high-grade and well-known mounts which rejoice in the names of the "Ajax" and the "Camden," a couple of Dairy Companies, an unknown Bank, while, to inspire confidence in the paper's *bona-fides*, it also advises the purchase of shares in that highly respectable concern the Aërated Bread Company. If any reader has been found foolish enough to part with his money, we are sorry for him. Let him try to find a buyer for his Cycles and his Dairies with all possible despatch.

THE BRITISH MOTOR SYNDICATE.

When this promotion of the man Lawson was inviting subscriptions, we warned our readers against the author of it and all his works, and since then we have had the pleasure of putting some correspondents into communication with solicitors who were endeavouring to recover moneys for allottees. If any of our readers are in the unfortunate position of having taken shares, they should read with care and attention the admirable letter of Mr. Munton which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*

of the 25th inst. The relation of the way Mr. Munton practically recovered all Mr. Hayden-Coffin's money is very amusing, and should be a warning to other allottees to act energetically when they think they have been taken in. Even now, probably, it may be worth any shareholder's while to see what Mr. Munton can do for him.

Saturday, March 27, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

OLD SKETCHO.—We are not in love with this concern, which has made a lot of its profits out of "Northern Terrors." The public will be very sore before they have done with this promotion, and then good-bye to further profits from the same sort of thing.

W. E. H.—We have handed over your clever photos to the Editor. It would have given us great pleasure to have reproduced them in the City pages, but an unkind public would probably have thought we intended to be sarcastic, and probably the Stock Exchange would have taken it as a personal insult, for what has a game of brag to do with "bulls" and "bears"?

J. S.—We should hold Central Pacifics, although you will have to face assessment, in all probability. We prefer the Southern passenger lines to North British.

FASTNET.—On the whole, the time seems hardly ripe to average yet.

PADDY.—The mine appears unable to pay at present. Either sell or lock the shares up and think no more about them for a few months.

SULTAN.—See last answer, which refers to the mine you inquire about. We do not advise purchase.

H. J. S.—(1) Buy *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. shares; (2) Sanitas shares; (3) Swift Cycle shares. Perhaps Salmon and Gluckstein Ordinary might suit you for a speculation. We doubt if Honduras Bonds are a very promising speculation. Little Chatham or Hull and Barnsley Railway strike us as far more promising.

LEVER.—(1) We do not advise purchase. (2) A very promising cycle company. (3) Consult a Birmingham broker, as the position of these tube companies is not well understood on this market.

DEVON.—You have been a victim of a gang of swindlers. The so-called debentures of these slate companies are mere traps to catch your money.

J. P.—Nobody could recommend you to buy No. 1 for investment purposes, if by that you mean for steady dividend. As a speculative purchase for a rise upon the chance of a good strike we should say it was not bad. No. 2 is a fair mining investment, but we prefer Day Dawn Blocks.

A. S. J.—Two of the concerns you mention are fair investments, if it is income, not speculation, you want. We do not like the cycle concern much, and should not advise you to buy, unless you were prepared to sell again before the end of the year. The prices are (1) ½ discount to par, (2) 17s. to 18s., (3) par to ¼ premium.

NEW CENTAUR.—Both the tea and the cycle companies are all right, and, we believe, well managed; but, of course, these industries are more or less speculative; more so, that is, than brewing or drapery. The other two concerns we would rather not pronounce a definite opinion upon; our feeling is against them.

J. T. L.—(1) A fair industrial share, but not one we should buy at present price. (2) Over-capitalised, and, in our opinion, a very speculative investment. Probably will show good results this year. Buy a few *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. shares with the money you want to put into a good dividend-paying investment.

STAFFORD.—(1) Our opinion is that this concern is a swindle. The shares are so low because everybody knows it. (2) Gem of Cue is a mine we do not care for. (3) Croydon Consols we have often recommended at lower prices, and, even as the shares now stand, they will probably pay fair dividends. (4) We should not invest our own money in W. and J. Bush and Co., Limited.

DRAPER.—See this week's "Notes." The Diamond Jubilee is expected to make trade good for the big shops this year, but you can judge of that as well as we can.

L. W. F.—It is quite impossible in an answer to discuss the prospects of Ceylon tea-plantations generally. We think well of many of the shares.

SASCHA.—This is what our correspondent says: "The Railway is well built, and is of late doing more traffic business than ever, yet I fear it is carrying too much dead weight in the form of interest incurred by over-capitalisation." On the whole, although you will not see your price again, it will probably pay to hold on rather than sell at present.

R. G. M.—We posted our opinion to you in the envelope you enclosed, although, unless you comply with Rule 5, you are not entitled to a private answer. In our judgment Marie Rose shares have no present or prospective value. We know they have no price in the market.

F. C. P.—(1) The shares will be of the nominal value of 16s. with the full amount paid up after the 4s. is returned. The only difference we can see it will make to the shareholders is that in future dividends will be calculated on the lower face-value of the share. (2) The shareholders will probably not get anything when it is all over. (3) Things in the Transvaal are so critical that anything may happen. We don't think the report you refer to likely to put the price of Bantjes lower. (4) We are ashamed to say we have never seen a copy of the paper you name. (5) The advice we gave when returning you the correspondence, we repeat. Don't have anything to do with the shares offered. If you buy you will never be able to sell.

Messrs. Street and Co., the well-known and much-respected advertising agents, of 30, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Serle Street, W.C., announce that, in consequence of their increasing business, and for the convenience of their West-End clients, they will open on Monday, April 5, 1897, a branch establishment at 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

Messrs. Morell and Mouillot are having produced at their Kilburn theatre a completely Anglicised and thoroughly modernised adaptation of Goldoni's comedy, "La Locandiera," made known to latter-day London audiences by Eleonora Duse's delightful impersonation of Mirandolina. The new version, called "Our Hostess," is from the pen of Mr. A. O'Donnell Bartholeyns, who is fortunate in having found Miss Irene Vanbrugh to represent the title character. Mr. Bartholeyns has laid his scene in a North Yorkshire fishing village on the Derwent, and the three suitors reappear in the guise of an Oxford man, Anthony Oriel, whose long-latent flame is kindled by the hostess; an Irish squire, Sir Boyle Overton, and a somewhat snobbish Army officer. Mr. Bartholeyns, who has written and had performed several other plays and operettas, is not unversed in the gentle art of dramatic criticism.